

VOL. XXII.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



For two hours Monday morning—9 to 11 o'clock—we will sell on the second floor, 5,000 yards Striped Outings—the 10c kind At 3 1-2c yard.

J. M. HIGH & Co.
IMPORTERS.

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At 1 o'clock—for two hours—Monday—we will sell in the Cloak Department 500 Ladies' Calico House Wrappers, worth \$1, At 49c each.



Silks!

The display is grand! The cheapness in price is a revelation to lovers of Silk Bargains. The variety covers all the new up-to-date styles. See them tomorrow and the next day—you will be charmed.

15 pieces Cheney's Figured China Silks, new and pretty; worth 75 cents, At 37c.

10 pieces Gantre Crepons, in all the new Evening Shades, 27 inches wide; the very latest. Only 65c.

10 pieces all silk, Satin Merveilleux, in Evening and Street Shades; worth \$1, a bargain tomorrow At 50c.

Special! A lot of Black Silks in the celebrated Cashmere Alexandre Gros Grain and Brocade Satins; a value worth \$1.00 a yard. \$1.00 a yard.

10 pieces Plisse Crepons, Evening Shades and also for Waists; worth 85 cents, At 43c.

A magnificent line of Plisse Taffetas and high class novelties in the seasons, choicest findings for waists and full suits. 100 yards Kai Kai Wash Silks; others at 9c for them and think it a great bargain. Our price 20c a yard.

Dressmaking.



It is with pleasure we announce to our many patrons that Miss Herschies, after several weeks spent in New York, is now ready to take orders in our Dressmaking Department. The superiority of the work done here is a great satisfaction to the artistic woman who has heretofore sent out of the city. We guarantee a perfect fit in every instance. Any style of Gown you want can be made for you on short notice. Special attention paid to Reception, Evening and Wedding Gowns.

Colored Dress Goods.

The novelties shown by us in high-class Dress Goods for the coming season, represent the very choicest known to the designer's fancy or the weaver's art. While it is true that the leading fabric will be Crepon and the Crepe creases, yet there are hundreds of other styles new and novel. Every fashion mart is here represented.

10 Imported Novelty Pattern Suits, imported direct from Paris and Berlin, exclusive styles and not to be duplicated. \$25.00 to \$75.00 a pattern.

10 pieces Colored Crepons, all wool, 45 inches wide; worth \$1, At 50c.

10 pieces Colored Crepons, all new shades; worth \$1.50, to be sold by us At \$1.00.

10 pieces 48-inch Novelty Check Suitings, worth for tailor-made suits; lovely combinations of colors; worth \$1.25, At 75c.

10 pieces Indescent Crepons and two novelties, cheap at 75 cents; our price 50c a yard.

10 pieces 48-inch, all wool, Scotch Dressing, a most elegant fabric, for 50c a yard.

10 pieces Figured Wool Fancies, worth 60 cents, sold Monday At 45c.

10 pieces Checks, Striped, Plisse and other weave Suitings; worth 50 cents, At 35c a yard.

Black Dress Goods

A great Black Goods season this! It is with pleasure we announce the fact that we are prepared to meet every fancy. Such a collection of rare Novelties in fine Black Goods—such values as we offer—are only to be had of this popular trading resort.

For the first time, we show tomorrow:

10 Imported Novelty Crepon Suits in Grenadine and Persian effects. The par excellence in fine black fabrics and not to be duplicated in America. Prices range from \$17.00 to \$50.75 a pattern.

11 pieces Black Crepon, heavy crinkle, a value worth \$1.50; we intend to sell At \$1 a yard.

37 pieces 40-inch, all wool, Black English Serge, 50 cents value, Monday At 25c a yard.

7 pieces Black Silk Warp Henrietta, the 1 1/2 inch kind, tomorrow 75c a yard.

Ask to see Priestley's Brocade Novelties, the identical \$1.50 value of 1894, now this season's price \$1.00 a yard.



Ladies' Capes.

The new Spring Capes are Beauties.

Ladies' Black Velvet Capes, trimmed with jet and lace, lined with fancy silk, \$12.50 to \$35.00.

Ladies' Black and Tan Cloth Capes, braided, worth \$4.00 and \$5.00, At \$2.75.

Ladies' Double Cloth Cape, satin folds, worth \$6.50, At \$3.75.

Ladies' Perforated Cloth Capes, all colors, worth \$15.00, At \$10.00 each.

Ladies' Black Crepon Capes, silk lined, trimmed with lace and ribbon, \$15.00.

Ladies' Black Moire Silk Capes, trimmed with lace, ribbon and jet, silk lined; At \$17.50 each.

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Dress Trimmings.

A well-defined collection—new Jets, new Iridescent, new Garnitures, Yokes, Collars, Fronts, Ornaments—a marvelous line. Ask to see them.

White Goods.

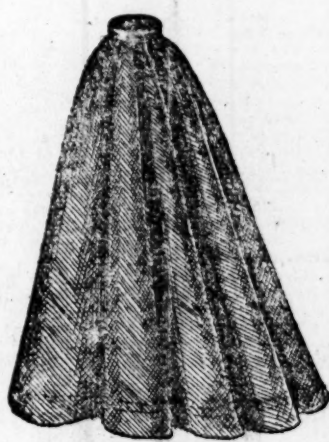
50 pieces Dotted Curtain Swiss, worth 25c, Monday at 12 1/2c.

37 pieces 40-inch Drapery Swiss, worth 40c, Monday at 18c.

3,000 yards Check Dimity, worth 20c and 25c, Monday at 12 1/2c.

Imported Wash Fabrics.

This department—on main floor, opposite Linens. A most elegant line of French Dimities, Organdies, Crepons, Plisse, Zephyr Ginghams, Batiste, etc., shown here.



Ladies' Skirts.

We Have Some Magnificent Ones.

Cut full sweep, organ-plaited back, lined with hair cloth and crinoline; in black satin, black moire and brocade silk, brocade satin, black crepons, black and colored serges, colored coverts and English worsted.

Ladies' Black Satin Skirts, \$17.50.

Ladies' Black Moire Silk Skirts, \$20.00.

Ladies' Black Crepon Skirts, \$7.50 to \$20.00.

39 Ladies' Black and Navy Serge Skirts, full sweep, worth \$7.50; tomorrow we will sell At \$4.50 each.

One lot Ladies' Black Serge Skirts, nicely made; tomorrow—9 to 11 o'clock—we will sell At \$1.50 each.

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Wash Goods.

We will sell on Bargain Counters—on second floor—tomorrow:

2,500 yards of 10x4 Bleached Sheetings; worth 19 cents, At 12 1/2c a yard.

3,000 yards Turkey Red Figured Calicoes; worth 7 cents, At 3 1/2c a yard.

5,000 yards new pattern Toile du Nord Ginghams; worth 12 1/2c a yard, At 7 1/2c a yard.

4,500 yards Standard Dress Calicoes, regular 7 cents kind, At 4 1/2c a yard.

3,750 yards new Spring Figured Dimities; worth 12 1/2c, At 7 1/2c a yard.

3,250 yards 36-inch Percales, usually sold at 12 1/2c, our price Only 7 1/2c a yard.

2,100 yards 24-inch French Zephyr Ginghams, 25c sort, for Only 10c a yard.

2,375 yards Figured Dress Satens; worth 10c, for Only 7 1/2c a yard.

2,100 yards Dress Ginghams; worth 7 1/2c, Only 3 1/2c a yard.

2 cases good Unbleached Canton Flannel; worth 10c, for Only 5c a yard.

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Gents' Furnishings

Attention, Gentlemen!

Gents' best imported French Bon-bons, Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, truly worth \$2 per suit, at Only 50c per garment.

Gents' close fitting ribbed Egyptian Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers in solid colors; worth \$1, at only Only 50c per garment.

Gents' fine India Gauze Shirts, bought in a job, and worth 75c, Monday 3 for \$1.00.

Gents' Spring Style Neckwear, Teck Scarfs, Four-in-Hand and Club Ties, Shield and Band Bows, A lot of Tecks, worth 35c, At 15c.

A lot of Tecks and Four-in-Hand, worth 50c, At 25c.

A lot of Tecks and Four-in-Hand, worth 75c, At 50c.

Gents' French Suspenders, worth 50c, At 19c.

Laces.

1 lot hand-made Linen Laces, worth 25c, At 12 1/2c a yard.

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At 12 1/2

Blind

Saparilla Made

J. J. Oct. 21, 1894.

Lowell, Mass.

I am thankful for

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IS IT NULL AND VOID?

That is What is Claimed Against the Governor's Warrant.

DETECTIVE SHACKLEFORD UNDER ARREST

He Was Released from Custody Late Yesterday Afternoon—It Grew Out of the North Carolina Case.

Detective George W. Shackelford was

arrested yesterday morning on a warrant

issued by the governor's office and

reported to have been signed by Governor

Almon.

Yesterday morning Shackelford was re-

leased from actual custody on a note from

Major & Andrews to Sheriff Barnes,

though he is to be considered still under ar-

rest.

Colonel W. C. Glenn, of Glenn & Roun-

dree, and Mr. John W. Cox, attorneys for

Shackelford, claim that the warrant is

null and void and that the governor is

not entitled to hold him on it. Messrs.

Glenn and Cox claim that the governor

was in Washington at the time the warrant

was issued and that only he, as the chief

executive of Georgia, has the right to issue

such an arbitrary paper.

The arrest of the detective grew out of

the working up of a case in Monroe, N. C.,

where Detective Shackelford recovered \$2,

000 in gold that had been stolen from the

house of Mr. and Mrs. Throat, an aged

couple living near Monroe. The money

was kept in a small safe, which the robber

forced the couple to open and secured \$3,

000 from them.

Detective Shackelford went to work on

the case some time ago and finally found

where \$1,000 of the money was. He recov-

ered this and was paid one-half of it by Mr.

and Mrs. Throat, besides his expenses. He

failed the work and received his share

of the money and the expenses. Now fol-

lows his arrest on a warrant charging him

with larceny and embezzlement. This mis-

understanding grew out of facts which are

not denied by Detective Shackelford.

According to the story of the prosecu-

tor, the money was stolen from the house

of Mr. and Mrs. Throat, a lawyer. They

were in Washington at the time the warrant

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was their opinion that the warrant was null

and void, as the governor had not signed it

himself. Mr. King said that he could ad-

vise the sheriff not to let it have full force

and suggested that a writ of habeas corpus

was the proper method of securing re-

dress.

Colonel Glenn thereupon put Deputy Sher-

iff Donehoo, who was present in charge of

Detective Shackelford, upon notice that

the warrant was null and void and that the

sheriff would be held responsible for any

action taken under it.

Mr. W. P. Andrews, the well-known young

attorney, who represents Attorney Coving-

ton, said that the warrant was issued by

the governor's clerk.

Later Detective Shackelford was released

and went to his home. Attorney Covington

will probably reach the city this afternoon.

THE SILVER MOVEMENT.

Butler Herald: With two millions of men

out of employment; with such shrinkage of

values, ruin and destruction of business and

consequent suffering of the people for the

most common necessities of life as have

never heretofore been known in the history

of our country, the people are entitled to

all we need is more of the same medicine.

The silver movement is a movement of

the people's own hand, party divisions re-

lated, and but a single one—comparatively of

little value redeemed—with the party divided

into irreconcilable factions by the presen-

tial policy can it be a matter of surprise

that the democratic party was

"swept under." Not content with

wrecking the party the president has

started out on a course of

issuing bonds which he kept up will wreck

still more the business of the country and

saddle upon millions yet unborn, millions

upon millions of the people's money which

by a secret sale of bonds he has given and

bound himself yet to give to the Roth-

childs. But we have no heart to look

further into the doings of the past two

years. We turn still with hope to the grand

old principle of the party through the party

the country must be redeemed. Let us de-

pose unworthy and treacherous leaders,

and trust none but the true and honest.

Our principles are the basis of all free govern-

ment, and if it is to live in the country it

must be so by help of our principles, and

whatever may be the party name, we

need no new party; all we need is a puri-

fication of our party and to have its prin-

ciples honestly carried out.

Swainsboro Pine Forest: It's because the

people have been dealt with frankly

that they have this day the line. The

people will make silver equal to gold, and

the world will be equal to \$1 in gold.

They intend, not only to talk about mak-

ing silver equal to gold, but to do it. The

purpose of the movement is to remove the

burden of the money from the people and

place it on the government. And when this

is done the amount of silver now valued at

two cents will be worth one dollar. The

use of it as a money will change its

value from two cents to one dollar, and

thus it will rise in intrinsic

value.

Americus Times-Recorder: What stupend-

ous a task it becomes to take the

money of the world, "the best money,"

and the only honest dollar. The history

of the world for 4,000 years is a history

of the struggle to get the money to be

gold and silver always have been used

as money metals by those nations most ad-

vanced in civilization. The best and the

most reliable statistics obtainable, the

production of the two metals has varied but

little out of proportion to the increase in

population, wealth and commerce, and yet

from some cause the relative bullion value

of the two metals has gradually grown

apart, commencing with the demonetiza-

tion of silver by the United States and Ger-

many in 1873. The result has been a

constant depreciation of silver, and the

conclusion is irresistible that legislation

has caused the trouble, and that legislation

should remedy the evil.

Don't Trifle with Your Eyes

and do not allow any one else to do it for

you. No cause for this now. If you need

glasses, go to our reliable opticians, Kel-

logg & Moore. Their retail optician is at

40 Marietta street.

The Atlanta Exposition.

From The Chicago Timberman.

An enterprise that is worthy of the

energy city which it ever sponsor for it,

is the Cotton States and International ex-

position, to be held this summer and fall

at Atlanta, Ga. Our readers will be par-

ticularly interested in it in anticipation

because of the intimate connection with

the enterprise of Mr. Martin P. Amoroso,

of the Atlanta, (Ga.) Lumber Company,

and his efforts, the forestry and lumber in-

terests will have a prominent place.

The scheme as proposed by Mr. Amoroso

and likely to be carried out by Chief

Allen, of the machinery department, is a

novel and bold one, consisting of a

less than a complete exhibit of sawmill

and woodworking machinery in actual

operation. Better than any idea of the

kind, it has been received by machinery

manufacturers that it seems likely that

the scheme will be carried out.

It contemplates a sawmill cutting on

logs brought in by rail, of dry kilns, plan-

ing, sawing, sand, and other forms of

woodworking.

This project is an ambitious one, and

there would seem to be serious obstacles

in its way, as was found in organizing the

Columbian exposition, but the energy and

enthusiasm of Mr. Amoroso, and his

ability, energy and enthusiasm combined

can accomplish it. It will be an assured

fact, for of these Mr. Amoroso and his

co-workers in the exposition are supplied

in unstinted measure.

The Door of Life.

The fear of pain and the

dangers of childbirth fill many

a woman's breast with dismay.

In the olden days of leeches

and witchcraft, it was consid-

ered sacrilegious to lessen the

pains of labor. Latterly, an-

esthetics have been used at

the time of parturition, and

now people are beginning to

37 WHITEHALL ST.
THE GREAT BARGAIN HOUSE.

Domestics.
Remnants yard wide Bleaching 3c.
Yard wide good Bleachings 4½c.
Yard wide Lonsdale Bleaching 5½c.
Yard wide Fruit of the Loom 6½c.
Remnants yard wide Lonsdale
Cambrics only 5c.
New York Mills Muslin 10c.
New style Spring Prints 4c.
Indigo blue Prints 3½c.
A. C. A. Tickings 12½c.
15c good Feather Tickings 9c.
16-inch Peppercil Casing 9c.
104 Peppercil Sheetings 16¾c.
16-inch Cheese Cloth, all colors, 5c.

Hosiery.

15c Ladies' Fast Black Hose, 5c.
20c Ladies' Fast Black Hose, 10c.
25c Ladies' Fast Black Hose, 19c.
15c Children's Fast Black Hose, 5c.
20c Children's Fast Black Hose, 10c.
30c Children's Fast Black Hose, 10c.

49c.
\$1.50 Sideboard Covers, 72 inches,
69c.
25c Linen Fringes, all colors, 5c.

\$1.00 Unlaundry
This is the best

in this city at any price.
 25¢ Fast Black Socks, 12½¢.
 \$1.00 Scriven Elastic Seam Draw-
 ers only 75¢.
 \$1.50 Men's Balbriggan Shirts, 59¢.
 \$1.50 Men's Balbriggan Drawers, 59¢
 50¢ Boys' Shirt Waists, 39¢.
 \$1 Boys' Mother's Friend Waists 60¢
Shoes. SHOES. Shoes.
 Special prices made in our Shoe
 Department next week. Values
 will surprise you. Come and see.
 It means money to you.

THE LADIES' BAZAAR

CANCER

**Its Scientific Treatment and Cure
Without the Knife.**

We have made the treatment of Cancer and other abnormal growths a specialty for many years. Our treatment is a treatment which cures the disease. We treat free to any one interested or "Treatise" on the subject. We have full information regarding the treatment of Cancer and will gladly invite correspondence with the afflicted. In recognition of our success, we cite the names of persons who have been cured by us.

Mr. T. E. C. Brinly, Louisville, Ky., president of the Brinly Mites and Company, manufacturers of the famous "Brinly Flows," was cured ten years ago of cancer of the Brinly Mites and Company three times before coming to us.

Professor H. McDiarmid, formerly editor of the Standard, Oakland, California, cured his cancer of the Brinly Mites and Company three times before coming to us.

Mr. James M. Pearson, of Oakland, Leander county, Alabama, a well known

Miss Sarah J. Anderson, of Gallatin, Co. plain county, Mississippi, was cured by a plaster in 1888 of scirrhus cancer of the right breast.

Drs. McLEISH & WEBER,
127 John Street, Cincinnati, O.
mar 17—sun at

CORRECT COPY.

If Your Taylor Is Correct, You're In It.

A man's whole appearance is often spoiled by not having his suit in the correct fashion, and this is one reason why the innuendos of the fashionables make up the innumerable clientele of Mr. H. B. Biston.

Mr. Elston's point in view is to have every garment that he puts on tout a fait in de siecle, and this has gone for

wards placing his establishment foremost. He was found at the place some of the sweltering spring suits that has ever been shown, hanging on Mr. Elston and he will easily convince you.

Pants to Order—Sirkin, the Tailor, will make to order all the pants that were bought at the Plymouth Rock Pants Company, suits cleaned and pressed for \$1.50 at 4½ East Alabama street.

Mr. Julius A. Vestbury, manager of the Connecticut Indemnity Association, left yesterday on the steamer for Waterbury, Conn., the home office. He will be in the east about ten days, and on his return will bring with him a number of the most reliable agents. The superior contracts among the strongest financial corporations in the land. If you contemplate selling

connected yourself with Mr. Burney.

**GEORGIA BAPTIST
CONVENTION, WAYCROSS.**

**Good Schedules and Accommodations
Over the Southern Railway.**

As has already been announced, the rate to Waycross for the occasion of the Georgia Baptist convention, April 9th to 16th, will be a fare and a third on the certificate plan, via the Southern railway (formerly the E. T. V. and G. railway). The schedules for this trip via Jesup are most excellent, and all delegates and those attending the convention are advised to take the Southern railway. mch17-1w

Shoes for Little People

Shoes for Little People.
Spring stock now in.
We make a specialty of
children's fine Shoes and
Slippers. Chamberlin,
Johnson & Co.

EN REGLE

One should keep up with the newest shades and shapes of correspondence paper and envelopes. We make a specialty of high grade papers, such as appeal to the most refined taste and are used by the elite of society everywhere. Our new spring styles are just received and offered at popular prices. If you need fine correspondence paper do not buy until you see our stock or send for our samples.

J. P. Stevens & Bro., Jewelers and Engravers, 47 Whitehall street.

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club.....club

there are all sorts of clubs, but there's only one.

"canadian club"

whiskey—there are, also, all sorts of whiskeys, the best is canadian club—it is being imitated—that's natural—all good things are imitated—trade on other people's brains as it were—don't be deceived by something "just as good"—examine the label carefully—

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Our best and oldest Ryes are Q-Club, Monogram, Mt. Vernon, Imperial Cabinet, Pennsylvania Rye, Old Centennial, and ten-year-old Bourbons are Old Rippey, Jas. E. Pepper, McBrayer, Old Crow and others. Corn Whisky—"Stone Mountain"—our own brand and make.

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Saturday, April 6th, is the last day we can sell them:

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All Shoes must be sold by April 6th.

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A Dictionary That Will Fill a Long Felt Want—Its Many New Features and Characteristic Excellencies.

The publication of the Standard Dictionary places before the reading world a work that, for many reasons, is deserving of more than a passing mention. In the first place it is the very latest publication in the field of lexicography, and it is the work of the most famous lexicographers of the age. In the next place, a book of this kind, in the very nature of the case, must have claims to serious consideration, or its publication would not have ventured to risk a million dollars in its production. A careful examination of the book, and a comparison of it, page by page, and at different points of test, with the Century and Webster's, Worcester's, the Imperial and Stormonth, not to mention smaller and more special works, being the latest it has, of course, had the advantage of its predecessors. In the next place, a book of this kind, in the very nature of the case, must have claims to serious consideration, or its publication would not have ventured to risk a million dollars in its production. A careful examination of the book, and a comparison of it, page by page, and at different points of test, with the Century and Webster's, Worcester's, the Imperial and Stormonth, not to mention smaller and more special works, being the latest it has, of course, had the advantage of its predecessors. In the next place, a book of this kind, in the very nature of the case, must have claims to serious consideration, or its publication would not have ventured to risk a million dollars in its production. A careful examination of the book, and a comparison of it, page by page, and at different points of test, with the Century and Webster's, Worcester's, the Imperial and Stormonth, not to mention smaller and more special works, being the latest it has, of course, had the advantage of its predecessors.

Its Vocabulary.
The Standard has a vocabulary of more than 300,000 words—by actual count against 225,000 in the Century, 155,000 in the International (Webster's), 105,000 in Worcester's and 50,000 in Stormonth's. This increase of 75,000 words over a dictionary published so recently as the first named of these indicates much more than appears on the surface. It means, while there are comparatively few important terms treated, that all literature has been ransacked for its unrecorded important terms, and that all the trades and the arts have been laid under contribution (in electricity alone something like 4,000 terms have been entered and described). It means, too, as gleaned by research in trial lines, that the characters in the principal mythologies of the world have been given; the terms in mysticism, formerly accessible only in special works, the very names of which were unknown to the general reader, have been gathered together and adequately explained; the science of Buddhism, with its little understood beliefs and system of worship, has been unfolded by Max Muller himself. From such valuable and not always accessible sources as these, and the kindred lines of recent scientific investigation and economic study, have come these 75,000 words more than the Century, and 175,000 words more than Webster's International. They represent the onward march of science, literature, art and labor in the last decade, in a word, the progress of the human race itself.

Its Arrangement.
The book is a striking example of what may be done by judicious condensation and system. The idea of grouping of related words and terms is not altogether new, but in no other book of the kind has the plan been carried so far, or so carefully systematized, and with such excellent results in the way of clearness of presentation and breadth of scope, as in the Standard. The word architecture may serve as an illustration of a group of this kind. Under this single word the reader is referred to twenty other words, representing the leading types or groups into which architecture is historically divided, as Byzantine, Chinese, English, Greek, Renaissance, etc. Turning to any one of these words we find there the subdivisions of the subject explained and still further distributed—the word English, for instance, opening up thirteen more minor branches. Thus, from the single word architecture, to which heading the reader in search of information on this point would naturally turn, the whole field, taking in every country, period and style, is revealed at a glance. Similar distributions of the main word giving the key-words to the entire subject are found under the other arts and sciences—the word science itself broadly grouping all the sciences. Even literature is subdivided at that word into its branches, which are again subdivided.

After all is said, however, concerning special features, nine times out of ten when a reader consults a dictionary in connection with one of the common words it is for one of three things—its spelling, its preferred pronunciation, or for its every day or most common meaning. The test, to the average reader, of a dictionary's efficiency will be the manner in which it meets such demands.

Reclaimed.
Restless the child the night so drear and long.
The mother, weary, sang an old, sweet song.
And lulled the babe to sleep.
Long years have passed—the child, a woman now.
Far from the right has wandered, she
On through the night, stumbling, she
Knows not how.
Many the sad years squandered.
Oh heavy, heavy is the load
Of sin and shame on life's dark road,
Where shadows creep.

One night she roamed: an old church stood near by,
Where, ivy crept towards the vast—the sky.
And as she passed, with shame bowed down, she hears
A song which, somehow, strangely smote her ears.
To trembling eyelids leaped the bitter tears—
The same old song which, once in days gone by,
Her mother sang—that dear old lullaby
Which hushed the babe to sleep.

A weeping woman, weeping at her mother's knee,
A wringing woman singing soft and low.
The same old song—the same old lullaby
Which she had sung—oh, many years ago.
The mother held her dear one once again,
She who had wandered through sin's stormy night,
What matter though had beat the wintry rain,
Through darkness she had come—back to the light.
Rest, hope, at last—oh night, so drear and long!
The mother sings again the dear old song—
Again she sings her weary child to sleep.
—O. G. Cox, in LaGrange Graphic.

Galilee.
May be obtained only through The Constitution. Bring or send 10 cents and reading certificate to business office of The Constitution and get the great art work.
Reader's Certificate.
This certifies that the holder of this is a reader of The Constitution, and as such is entitled to participate in the distribution of the new religious-educational fine art series, "Earthly Footsteps of the Man of Galilee," upon the national terms hereinafter arranged for our readers and subscribers as follows:
Bring or send this certificate with 10 cents to cover cost of postage, wrapping, handling, mailing, etc., to the Constitution, and any part issued will be delivered or mailed.
Unless a "Reader's Certificate" is brought or mailed, the price of these portfolios is 25 cents per copy. Dec 27-29th sun tue

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If you buy a Bicycle buy the best,

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ARE THE
HIGHEST OF ALL HIGH GRADES
Warranted superior to any bicycle built in the world, regardless of price.
Built and guaranteed by the Indiana Bicycle Co., a million-dollar corporation, whose bond is as good as gold. Do not buy a wheel until you have seen the Waverley.

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LYCETT'S, 83 1/2 Whitehall Street.

Lessons in China and Oil Painting. Art Materials for sale. White China for Decoration a specialty.

Sale of Northeastern Railroad.

STATE OF GEORGIA, Executive Department. Atlanta, Ga., April 13, 1895. By virtue of the authority given in the tenth section of the act incorporating the Northeastern Railroad Company, which is entitled "An act to open and construct a railroad from Athens, Ga., to Clayton, Ga., via Clarksville in the northeast corner of some other point on the Blue Ridge railroad, near Clayton, by the most practicable route," approved October 27, 1870, and in accordance with an order this day issued by me as governor of Georgia providing for the sale of the Northeastern Railroad, and at public outcry to the highest and best bidder at the depot of the Northeastern Railroad Company, in the city of Athens, Ga., between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on Tuesday, the 18th of April, 1895, all of the property of the said company seized and taken possession of by Rufus K. Reeves, agent of the state, and taken possession of the said property on the 15th day of November, 1893, by his excellency William J. Northen, then governor of Georgia, and taking possession of the property of the said Northeastern Railroad Company, and found by the court in the possession and control of the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, as follows: The line of railroad, between the Northeastern railroad, extending from Athens, Clarke county, Georgia, to Lula, Hall county, Georgia, a distance of about four-and-a-half miles, and about two miles of said track on the main road, together with the franchise, rights and appurtenances of the said company connected with said road, consisting of its road bed, superstructure, right of way, motive power, rolling stock, depots, freight and section houses, shops, town and city lots, grounds, furniture, machinery, tools, etc. A full and complete inventory of same being on file, both in this office and in the office of said company at Athens, and may be inspected upon request.

Terms cash, or of purchaser prefers, fifty thousand dollars cash, fifty thousand dollars in bonds of the state of Georgia, maturing July 1, 1896, with interest on the deferred payment from day of sale at 7 per cent per annum, the purchaser having the option to pay the remainder due July 1, 1896, in cash or in the legal and valid bonds of the state issued under the act of 1870, maturing July 1, 1896. In the event purchaser elects the option to pay part cash and balance as above set forth, the governor will enter into an agreement or obligation to make purchaser's deed to the property upon said deferred payment being met at maturity, and in the event said deferred payment is not made at maturity, the governor of Georgia will be authorized and empowered to seize and take possession of the property sold in the same manner as provided in the above named act, and resell same in his discretion at the purchaser's risk, it being expressly understood that the governor does not part with any title or lien which either he or the state may have in said property, or any of it, until the purchase money is paid in full.

The right is hereby reserved for the state to bid for the above described property at the sale to the extent of the bonded indebtedness of the Northeastern Railroad Company, the state is endorser, to-wit: the sum of two hundred and sixty thousand dollars and accrued interest.
W. J. ATKINSON,
Governor of Georgia.

SPRING JUST A FEW DAYS OFF

TAILORING DEPARTMENT all aglow with newness from the best foreign looms—Suits, choice in qualities, pleasing in patterns—ready for our artist cutter's touch—ready for your measure.

Clothing, Furnishings.

In fact, Men's and Boys' Fixings from head to foot. Nothing left undone to make this spring's stock worthy of your looking. Counters piled high with Suits from the best makers. Qualities right. Styles right. Prices right.

HIRSCH BROS., 44 Whitehall Street

COAL \$1.50 TO \$5.00 PER TON
SCIPLE SONS,
NO. 8 LOYD ST. 'PHONE 203.

Wrought Iron Pipe
FITTINGS
—AND—
BRASS GOODS
HEADQUARTERS FOR
SUPPLIES

Of every description for Cotton and Woolen Mills, Oil Mills, Saw and Planing Mills, Railroads, Quarries, Machine Shops, etc. Send for list of new and second-hand Machinery.

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(20 MILES FROM ATLANTA).

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Prompt attention to collections.
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CANDLER & THOMSON,
Attorneys at Law,
Rooms 635 and 637 Equitable Building,
Jan 21-3m

Howard E. W. Palmer. Charles A. Read.
PALMER & READ,
Attorneys at Law,
Equitable Building, Atlanta, Ga.

DR. MARY SCOTT JONES,
Fourth Floor Grand, Rooms 400 and 412.
Office hours—9 to 11 a. m.; 3 to 5 p. m.

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LAWYERS,
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SATZKY,
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Come. Try on
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Hearings
Court, Criminal
and Education
At
In Atlanta today
colored in the mo
evening; lectures;
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Association hall;
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Methodist church.
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Winning—Meekin,
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DAYS OFF

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Plan.

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Proprietor.

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KY,

Alabama Street

ry on

IN THE LOCAL FIELD.

Minor Happenings of the Day in
Court, Criminal, Social, Political,
and Educational Circles in
Atlanta.

To Atlanta today, weather, clearer and
colder in the morning, warmer in the
evening; lectures, Rev. D. D. Abbott
young men at the Young Men's Christian
Association last; Miss Florence Richards
on "Temperance" at the Marietta street
Methodist church.
Services at all the churches.

W. J. Brown, a horse trader, who has
been employed at Morris's wagon yard, on
Decatur street, is missing and his family
has left his home several days ago and has
not been heard from since. Brown was an
industrious young man, twenty-two
years old and of steady habits.

The case against Miss Lela Thomas in
the United States court will be dismissed
tomorrow. General Inspector Whiteside
and Postoffice Inspector Jones have gone
over the correspondence between the young
lady and Simpson, the jilted drummer. It
is their opinion that there is nothing of a
convincing nature in the letters written by
Miss Thomas, and she will be so informed.

Detective St. Pasch, of Savannah, one
of the best known officers of the state,
was in Atlanta yesterday. The detective
is now in the service of the Central road.
He is on a return trip from Montgomery.

Early yesterday morning a piece of
iron was shoved through the bars of the
prison house to a negro woman by an
unknown party for the purpose of assist-
ing her to escape. Fortunately the turn-
key, Cooper, discovered the iron bar be-
fore the woman could use it.

The Seaboard Air-Line injunction case
was not disposed of yesterday, as the
Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis was
not ready. It was set for next Saturday as
a special order and will be disposed of
then.

An order was signed by Judge Lump-
kin yesterday instructing W. W. McAfee,
receiver of the Ruby Brick Company, to
accept the bid of P. J. McNamara for the
stock and machinery of the company. The
order was passed with consent of all
parties.

The hearing of the Hale Investment
Company injunction case went over until
this week. All parties consented that
the matter take this week. The injunc-
tion against this company is the only
one caused so much excitement several
days ago.

The sale of the stock of the Plymouth
Rock Pants Company was in progress
yesterday and will not be finished before
the latter part of this week. Deputy
Sheriff Greene is in charge of the sale and
is disposing of everything at good prices.

Mr. Joe Grantham, who has recently
been appointed to a supervisor's position
in the Postal Telegraph Company, will
leave tomorrow on a tour of inspection
of the south.

Mrs. M. P. Owens, an aged lady, who
has been living on Smith street for a
number of years, was severely hurt yester-
day afternoon by falling from a porch in
the rear of the house. One of her shoul-
ders was dislocated and her head was badly
cut. Dr. Westmoreland was called in and
rendered the necessary attention.

Marshall Walker, a colored brakeman
on the Seaboard Air-Line, had his left foot
crushed yesterday afternoon while
coupling cars near the turn-out and North
Decatur. Dr. Nicholson was called upon.

At the meeting of Fulton county camp
of Confederate veterans tomorrow night
delegates to the great reunion in Texas
will be elected. General T. P. Harrison will
read a probe poem and matters of deep
interest will be presented. Every Confed-
erate veteran is invited to attend.

The current number of Frank Leslie's
Weekly contains a full page of illustra-
tions of the Cotton States and International
exposition. The page is one of the
prettiest and most artistic yet published
of the show and makes a fine display of the
exhibition. Accompanying the page of illus-
trations is a two-column write-up of the
exposition from the pen of Mr. Remsen
Crawford, of The Constitution.

Prof. J. M. Pound, president of the Gordon
Institute, of Barnesville, spent yester-
day in the city. Professor Pound is at the
head of one of the largest and best insti-
tutes of learning in Georgia and is an
educator he stands in the front rank.

Mr. H. L. P. Smith, who has been in
Assistant Postmaster Maddox's office as a
clerk for sometime, was yesterday promoted
to the chief clerkship of the general de-
partment of the post office in place of
C. W. Weickling, resigned.

The custom house was almost desert-
ed yesterday, all of the moonshine wit-
nesses having been given a leave of absence
from Friday until tomorrow, by Judge New-
man.

Mr. F. P. Moore was admitted to prac-
tice in the United States courts by Judge
Newman yesterday, on motion of Hon. W.
C. Glenn.

Mrs. J. T. Pendleton has received the
sad intelligence of the death of her
sister, Mrs. M. L. Lawrence, at Hague,
Va. Mrs. Lawrence had made frequent
visits to this city and had many friends
here.

IN THE FEDERAL COURT.
The sale of the Chattanooga South-
ern Railway Confirmed.
In the district court of the United States
for the northern district of Georgia yester-
day a decree was made confirming the
sale and ordering conveyance and posses-
sion of the Chattanooga Southern railway
to the reorganization committee of the
railroad. H. A. V. Post, chairman; Russell
Barr, Thomas H. Hubbard, Henry L. Lamb
and Newman Erb, the purchasing com-
mittee.

The road was sold at public outcry by
Joseph W. Burke, special commissioner,
at Gadsden, Ala., on February 14, 1895, to
the above committee for the sum of
\$100,000.

Fifty thousand dollars of the purchase
price has already been paid, in accordance
with the decree of sale.

The sale was confirmed by Judge New-
man in open court, who also made an or-
der requiring the special commissioner to
pay off the debts of the company to em-
ployees and laborers.

In the same case an order was made
referring matters as to compensation ex-
penses, etc., to W. P. Hill as special
master.

Authorized to Borrow.
An order was made by Judge Newman
in the United States circuit court yester-
day authorizing the receiver of the At-
lanta and Florida railroad to borrow \$60,000.
The amount is to be used for the pay-
ment of the current expenses of the road.
Mr. William Bailey Thomas is the re-
ceiver of the road.

Yesterday's session of the United States
court was devoted to civil business, the
moonshine rush being suspended by Judge
Newman until tomorrow.

A number of orders and decrees were
made by Judge Newman, the above being
the most important.

Next week's sessions of the court promise
to be important, it being probable that
the Worley murder case will be taken
up in the early part of the week.

A Game at Jacksonville.
Jacksonville, Fla., March 16.—The regular
and second teams of the New York Uni-
versity football team met again this afternoon,
but on account of rain the game was called
off in the sixth inning. Score by innings:
Regular team. . . 1 0 0 1 0 6; H. A. B. L.
Second team. . . 0 2 0 0 0 4.
Batters—Meekin, Clark and Wilson;
Kraus, German and Smith.

THE SOUTH'S DEAD

The Confederate Monument at Chicago to
Be Dedicated May 30th.

GENERAL UNDERWOOD IS IN ATLANTA

Wants This City to Send a Carload
of Flowers.

GENERALS ON BOTH SIDES TO BE THERE

Wade Hampton to Speak—The Only Con-
federate Monument North of Ma-
son and Dixon's Line.

General J. C. Underwood, ex-Lieutenant
governor of Kentucky, and one of the most
prominent southern men, came to Atlanta
yesterday morning on a mission that will
appeal to every southerner.

General Underwood is the author and
executor of the movement to build over
the 6,000 dead Confederate soldiers who
sleep in Oakwood park, Chicago, a hand-
some monument commemorating their
brave deeds and heroic fortitude.

He has succeeded in this magnificent
work, the monument has been completed—
the only Confederate monument north of
the Mason and Dixon line—has been recog-
nized by the United States government and
will be unveiled with imposing ceremonies
on May 30th. General Underwood is here
to ask the people of Atlanta to contribute
a carload of flowers to decorate the monu-
ment and surroundings on the day of
the dedication and unveiling.

The dedication of this monument, the
ceremonies attending which will be partici-
pated in by prominent generals of both
armies, will be a great event in American
history. It will make a great step toward
cementing the division between the sections
and will annihilate much of the bitterness
that remains. It will be an occasion that
will attract the people all over the coun-
try, and no one can fail to appreciate
its significance.

The monument is a handsome affair. The
pedestal is of Georgia marble and the
statue is of fine bronze. It is forty feet
high from the base to the top of the statue.

Surrounding the monument will be four
cannons, appropriated by the United States
government, by special act of congress,
approved January 25, 1895. The bill mak-
ing this appropriation was pushed through
the senate by the efforts of Senator
John B. Gordon. The senators recognized
his good purpose in the matter and lent
him their willing assistance. The bill
passed the house during the last session
without a dissenting voice.

This act of the government constitutes
the first recognition ever shown the Con-
federacy by the government, and for that
reason is very significant.

The guns appropriated by the government
have an interesting history. They are
four in number and are the pieces cap-
tured from the federals at Chickamauga.
They were afterwards used with great ef-
fect by the Confederates in the battles of
Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Resaca, Ken-
nesaw mountain, Peachtree creek, Atlanta,
and Franklin, Tenn. Afterwards the bat-
tery was recaptured at Nashville by the
federals and has since been in the custody
of the government.

The history of the movement which culmi-
nated in the building of the Confederate
monument in Chicago is full of interest.
Traced back to its first source, it is the
outgrowth of a demonstration in honor
of General Grant in New York, in which a
number of ex-Confederate soldiers partici-
pated.

This was the first notable step indicating
the decrease in the hostile sentiment
among the soldiers of the late war. As such
it attracted national attention and was the
subject of much comment by the news-
papers.

The ex-Confederates in Chicago were at-
tracted by this action and formed a soci-
ety.

It was made up of the prominent
ex-Confederates living in Chicago. General
J. C. Underwood went to Chicago in 1891,
and being a noted southerner and a dis-
tinguished ex-Confederate, he soon became
prominent in the councils of the society.

When the movement to erect a monu-
ment over the dead soldiers in Oakwood
cemetery was started it was placed in the
hands of General Underwood. He took it up
with his characteristic energy and went to
work. He appealed to the business men
of Chicago for subscriptions. It was a rather
delicate undertaking—something that no
other man had ever attempted, but General
Underwood went about it in such a way
as to meet with strong encouragement.
He explained to the Chicagoans that in
asking them to contribute to the erection
of a Confederate monument he did not
ask them to surrender their convictions as
to the merits of the issue involved in the
war, or to endorse the south's position
in that war, but merely to aid in building

a memorial to the men who with great for-
titude endured untold hardships and died
Camp Douglas prison on the banks of the
lake. He met with generous responses
and inside of two years he had, by tire-
less perseverance, collected \$10,000. When
he had reached this point in the movement
he ordered the monument and it was com-
pleted over a year ago. Altogether the
monument cost \$20,000.

The monument is thirty-two feet high and
the statue eight feet high. The figure is
that of a Confederate infantryman, and
every old Confederate will recognize the
figure as that of a typical southern sol-
dier. The figure is a representation of the Con-
federate soldier as he appeared at the close
of the war. He stands, arms folded, look-
ing down in regret upon the field where so
many of his comrades sleep. His clothing
is tattered, his shoes worn, his stockings
are drawn over his trousers to keep out
the dust. He bears no arms. The face is
a typical southern one, and the work of
the artist is splendidly realistic.

On the face of the monument is a bronze
seal of the confederacy enlarged, with the
inscription: "Erected to the memory of
6,000 Southern soldiers, here buried, who
died in Camp Douglas, Ill., during the
war of 1861-65." On the base in large block letters are the
words: "Confederate Dead."

On the eastern face is a bronze panel,
containing an allegorical picture, entitled
"Call to Arms." It shows the front
of an old style courthouse, with the num-
ber 1861 over the door. To the side of the
door there is a representation of a south-
ern volunteer in uniform, and on the other
side a number of persons flocking to the
entrance, some of them going in. They
represent all classes—merchants, farmers,
laborers, students. In one instance a wo-
man is bidding goodbye to her husband as
he leaves.

On the west face of the pedestal is re-
presented in bronze the return of the soldier
to his home. It is not like the pictures of
this scene usually seen in print. The artist
is shown with a torn roof, the debris of a
broken field piece in the road near by, and
the paroled soldier standing leaning upon a
bushy stick, to assist him in walking
home, and all around—desolation. The door
of the cabin has fallen in, and rank grass,
indicating neglect, grows all around. Every-
thing points to the fact that the soldier
is returning to a desolate scene and even
the birds are deserting it. This scene
represents the end.

On the south side of the pedestal is shown
an idealism of the soldier's last sleep. The
artist has performed the wonderful feat of
working the moonlight effect into this
scene, which shows a dismantled fortifica-
tion, with the debris of a battlefield in the
distance. The soldier boy has crawled un-
der a tree to die.

A gun is placed at each angle of the monu-
ment and at each gun is a pile of conical
shell projectiles. Around the monument are
two piles of two-pound shot, containing
nearly eight hundred shot in each. On
each side of the entrance walk to the burial
plot, and in the lower corner, there will be
a triangular pile of eight-inch shells ten
feet high.

The monument is ready to be dedicated
and the guns are in Chicago. They will be
placed in position as soon as the frost is
out of the ground so as to permit the
workmen to lay the foundation.

The dedicatory exercises will be made
by General Wade Hampton. The southern
general will be present; also General Fitzhugh
Lee, General John B. Gordon, General W. W.
Cahoon, L. L. Lomax, Marcus J. Wright,
M. V. Butler, Clement A. Evans, F. C.
Adams, George H. Hunter, John B. Payne
and others. From the federal side are
expected General Schofield, General
Flagg, General Lawler and General Palm-
er. The Grand Army post will participate
in the exercises and hundreds of Confed-
erates will be present. The Grand Army
men have been for two years assisting in de-
corating the graves of the southern soldiers.

General Underwood is very enthusiastic
over the outlook for a great event on May
30th. He expects many southerners to be
present. He also expects every southern
city of size to send a carload of flowers.
The dedicatory exercises will be a com-
mittee consisting of General C. A. Evans, Amos Fox
and W. L. Calhoun to arrange for a car
of flowers to be sent from Atlanta. Super-
intendent McCullum, of the Nashville, Chat-
tanooga and St. Louis railroad, yesterday
morning very generously offered a refriger-
ator car for the flowers to be shipped in.
The car will leave Atlanta on May 30th.

General Underwood was one of the most
distinguished men in Kentucky. He was
for a long time prominent in the politics
of that state and is an elegant southern gen-
tleman. He is prominent in many big en-
terprises. He will be at the Aragon for two
or three days.

MADE A BRUTAL ATTACK.
A Negro Arrested for Attempting an
Assault on Two Young Girls.
Yesterday morning Moses Latimer was
captured by the county police and charged
with assault.

Thursday morning Miss Jane Sweet and
a younger sister were on their way to the
Exposition mills when the negro sprang
from his hiding place near the railroad and
grabbed the elder sister by the arm. Both
girls screamed, but the brute seemed de-
termined and it was not until some of the
neighbors had heard the screams that he
desisted. He was carried before the girls
and positively identified.

CAUGHT IN THE FLAMES.
A Colored Child Falls in the Fire and
Is Fatally Burned.
Ethel Herd, a colored child four years old,
was fatally burned at 91 Fraser street yester-
day afternoon.

The child had been left alone in the room
and was playing in front of the fire when
she fell and her clothes ignited. With un-
usual presence of mind for one so young
she seized the bed clothes and made an ef-
fort to stop the flames by wrapping them
about her. It was too late, as the lower
part of her body had already
been burned almost to a crisp.
The mother of the child was some dis-
tance from the house, and hearing the
screams ran to save it. She arrived in time
to put out the fire, which had caught in
the bed. It was found that the girl was fatally
burned, and she was not expected to live
during the night.

Miss Flora Thompson of Morristown,
Tenn., is in the city visiting her aunt, Mrs.
H. J. Caldwell, on Howard street. Miss
Thompson is a very interesting young lady
and is interesting young ladies of Tennessee,
and will make many friends during her stay
in the city.

WARD HAS A RECORD A MIDWINTER GLIMPSE OF FLORIDA

Colonel West's Impersonator Seems to
Have a Bad History.

HE WAS IN ATLANTA IN DECEMBER.

It Was Here That He Heard of Colonel
West—Something of the Fellow
Ward's Recital.

Colonel West was thoroughly surprised
when he learned the extent of his im-
personator's swindles yesterday morning.
From the description in the various dis-
patches, Colonel West believes that he has
located the swindler.

"In the latter part of December of last
year," said Colonel West yesterday, "a
very elegant-looking gentleman came into
my office and introduced himself as from
New Orleans. He stated that he was in
the city with a friend who desired to in-
vest money in Atlanta real estate."

"He told me that he was from New
Orleans and that he was an ex-Confed-
erate veteran and had ridden by General
Gordon at the parade in Birmingham dur-
ing the reunion. He seemed perfectly fa-
miliar with a number of well-known Con-
federate veterans and talked in a very pol-
ished fashion. He seemed to be a man
of fine family and apparently well con-
nected."

The next day he brought his friend to
see me. This friend was a stylish man,
equally elegant and polished. They drove
out to the exposition grounds and looked
over some property in that direction. After
returning to the city the man I had met
last explained to me that he had arranged
to draw some money through the Mer-
chants' bank, but that there appeared to
be some little technicality which had gone
wrong in his paper and that he would like
to have the loan of \$5 for a day in order
not to be without pocket change. I didn't
have the money at the time, and so saved
\$5. I never saw either of them afterwards."

HE HAS A RECORD.
Colonel Ward Turns Out to Be a Pro-
fessional Swindler.

Boston, Mass., March 16.—(Special.)—The
bogus "Colonel Andrew J. West, of Atlanta,
Ga.," the imposing individual who has
been passing bad checks here, was to-
day identified by the Boston police as one
of the most notorious swindlers the coun-
try has ever known. He is none other than
"Colonel" Daniel Ward, who has a world
wide reputation with the police. He has
been known in the past under such aliases
as Captain Ward, Morgan, Pape, Miller,
H. G. Wood, Colonel Sellers, etc., etc.

His last alias, that of Colonel West, is a
new name for him to use so far as the po-
lice are aware. The "Colonel" was during
the war employed by the Confederate gov-
ernment on various missions of a more or
less delicate nature. "Colonel" Daniel S.
Ward was one of the six men arrested in
New York city on November 28, 1864, for
having been concerned in a plot to burn
several of the principal hotels in that city.
He was confined at police headquarters
there for four months, under the order of
General Dix. The plan of the conspirators
was to burn Lovejoy's, French's, the Astor
house, the Alhambra, the Fifth avenue,
the LaFarge house, now the Grand Central
hotel, two of the men arrested with him
at that time were Captain Kennedy and
Captain Bedloe. The two latter were found
guilty of conspiracy, and Captain Kennedy
was hanged in Fort LaFayette and Captain
Bedloe paid the death penalty on Bedloe
island in New York. Ward was sent to
Fort LaFayette, where he was confined for
several months, but he finally managed to
get clear and went south. His experience
with the Confederate government more than
\$20,000 in lawyers' fees for his defense.

Since the war, Ward's career has been
a calendar of crime. He spent a year in
the penitentiary in Mississippi for forging
the name of M. W. Pape, of Baton Rouge,
on a check for \$1,100 at Woodville, Miss.
In the next ten years he swindled many
firms in New York, Boston, Providence,
Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis,
Louisville and Philadelphia. In July, 1883,
he was sent to Sing Sing from New York
for three years. He got out February 19,
1888. The next July he was jailed in Cin-
cinnati. How many jails he has been in since
it is hard to find out. Among the New York
firms he swindled were: Bates, Reed &
Conley, dry goods, of Broadway; James M.
Shaw, drug store, china dealers; Pelus &
Curtis, Seventeenth street and Broadway;
tailors; Chickering & Sons, pianos; P. F.
Kramer, piano cover makers, Fourteenth
street; Lord & Taylor, dry goods, Broad-
way, and some twenty others. His list in
Boston is about as long. The man's name is
said to be Albert C. Ward, and he is
thought to be highly connected. He was
born in Indianapolis and is about sixty
years old. He has figured among women
here, and has bought many presents for his
favorites, some of whom called him "papa."

THE TRAVELING MEN.
They Held a Large Meeting at the
Kimball Last Night.

The Atlanta post of the Traveling Men's
Protective Association held a rousing meet-
ing at the Kimball house last night.
The attendance was unusually large and
much enthusiasm was manifested among
the members by reason of the encouraging
outlook for the association, as indicated in
the reports of the officers of the national
association and the local branch.

Mr. D. R. Wilder, the secretary and treas-
urer of the Atlanta branch, presented the
names of forty-eight candidates for mem-
bership last night, and all of them were in-
timated.

A report was read from the national sec-
retary, showing that the association had on
hand \$3,000, and that the membership had
increased \$75 since the first of January.

The post decided to increase its mem-
bership among the jobbers and traveling sales-
men, and a committee was appointed to so-
licit members from them.

WARDS OF THE STATE

Alabama Takes Good Care of Her Blind, Deaf and Dumb.

A VERY INTERESTING INSTITUTION

It is Not an Asylum, but a School of High Grade, with Thoroughly Equipped Instructors.

Talladega, Ala., March 14.—(Special).—Alabama has no public institution of which she has a better right to be proud than that at Talladega, which has for its humane purpose the support and education of the deaf and dumb and blind children of the state. Notwithstanding the fact that this excellent institution had its birth some thirty-five years ago, the average citizen of Alabama knows little of its history or of its practical operations. Little is known of the school in politics or in business circles, for the reason that those in charge have seen fit to devote all their endeavors to the perfecting of the plans and operations of the institution, and to the care and comfort of the children entrusted to their charge, rather than to advertising the success they have achieved.

The institution for the deaf, dumb and blind is more properly divided into three departments under one management, or three separate schools with one principal who presides over all. They are located in the town of Talladega, in northeast Alabama, in one of the most healthy, most beautiful and in all other respects one of the most desirable communities in the state.

The Institute for the Deaf.

The property of the state known as the institute for the deaf and dumb, occupies a mile of the public square of the city of Talladega, and embraces seventeen acres of land and five substantial brick buildings, two, three and four stories high. The main building is a magnificent four-story brick structure and contains the girls' dormitories, sitting rooms, sewing rooms, etc.; also the quarters of the teachers and officers. Just back of this, and connected with it, is a two-story brick building containing the kitchen, storerooms, lavatories, etc. To the right of the main building is the school building, a three-story brick, with a slate roof. In this building are the classrooms and chapel and on the third floor the boys' dormitories, study halls, sitting rooms, etc. In the rear of the main building and a little removed from it, is the mechanical department in a two-story brick. In this building is a steam boiler and engine which furnishes power for woodworking machinery, printing presses, sewing machines, etc. A steam laundry, perfect in all of its appointments, occupies one of the same story. The printing office, cabinet shop, shoe shop and other industrial appliances are found in this building.

The institution is supplied with gas and water by the city.

Of the seventeen acres of land, the front yard contains ten, which is set in grass and which is filled with beautiful forest trees—oak, elm and maple. In the rear and on either side are the flower and vegetable gardens.

The Academy for the Blind.

The property used as an academy for the blind lies half a mile distant from the institute for the deaf and dumb, in the center of which, on a beautiful elevation, stands an imposing three-story brick building in which are located the chapel, the dining hall, study halls, reception rooms, girls' dormitories, the superintendent's room and either side are the playgrounds for the building is the school building, which is two stories in height with basement, which contains music room, classrooms, library and the boys' dormitory. The workshops, laundry, bathrooms and boiler room are found in another two-story building just in the rear of the building last named. The grounds, though comparatively new, are tastefully laid off and are very attractive. Here, as in the institute for the deaf, the sanitary conditions are carefully guarded, the best evidence of which is the remarkable healthfulness of the pupils.

School for Negro Deaf and Blind.

The state has not discriminated between the races in providing for the comfort and instruction of its unfortunate children. The school for the negro deaf and blind is a handsome three-story brick building, covered with slate, trimmed with stone and comfortably furnished throughout. The lot embraces eight or nine acres, and is a fine site for a public building. The present building will accommodate between seventy-five and one hundred pupils easily. In all of these schools the pupils are surrounded by every comfort, and are given such instruction as will enable the most unfortunate to make a living at some honorable calling after graduation. The schools are sustained entirely by the state, and board and tuition are free to all of Alabama's unfortunate children. It is, therefore, a remarkable fact that a larger number do not attend. There are at present on the rolls of the schools 100 deaf pupils—sixty blind and fifty negro deaf and blind. It is estimated that there must be in the state within the school age at least 500 deaf and blind children, and therefore, be seen that less than half of the children of the state who are entitled to the benefits of the school have taken advantage of their chances to secure an education in ignorance, when a practical education would cost nothing. Parents who are loath to part with an unfortunate child for nine months in the year, might well reflect on the injustice that is being done their little one. One thing that parents appear to misinterpret is the object and purpose of the schools. They are essentially not asylums or homes for the destitute, but schools—pure and simple. They

were established and are supported by the state in recognition of the fact that, as Alabama provides free educational facilities for its seeing and hearing children, it was, therefore, nothing but equitable and right that the deaf and blind children should be treated equally as well. It must be remembered that idiotic or hopelessly deaf or blind children have no place in these schools. It is intended that only those who can be benefited by the instructions should be received as pupils. It will, therefore, be seen that the idea of making these schools as asylums is entirely erroneous.

The course of study in the literary department is practically the same as that of the public schools of the state, including language, composition, rhetoric, grammar, geography, mathematics, physiology, anatomy, natural philosophy and mental and moral science.

With the deaf, special attention is paid to the English language, as it presents with them, the first as well as the greatest difficulty, for the reason that, it is to them as much a foreign language as Greek is to an English speaking child who hears. With the blind, much attention is given to music, and some of the finest musicians in the state have received their instruction here. It is believed that a talented blind person can more readily and more pleasantly make a living by music than in any other profession. The idea, however, that all blind persons have talent for music is pronounced by the management of the school as fallacious.

In all of the schools there is a mechanical and industrial department, in which the pupils are taught trades by which they can learn to support themselves. At the institute for the deaf, the boys are taught general habits of industry. They receive special instructions in printing, shoemaking, cabinet and carpentering work, painting and landscape gardening.

The girls are taught housework, dressmaking, sewing, crocheting, etc.

At the academy for the blind, the boys are taught mattress-making, cane-sewing, collar-making, basket-making, piano tuning, etc. The girls are also taught cane-sewing, and, in addition, sewing, knitting, crocheting, house-cleaning, etc.

These several arts and trades are run solely for the purpose of instructing the students, and, although there is some little revenue from some of the branches of trade, they are without exception run at a loss.

The industrial departments are considered by the management of the institutions equally as important as the educational departments, it being considered that no sort of instruction can be more valuable to a destitute blind person than such as will enable him to make a living for himself.

Rules for the Institutions.

The following is an abstract of the rules of the institutions:

Eight consecutive years is the period allowed for a pupil to remain in school. The minimum age for admission is eight years.

The applicant must be free from such chronic disease as would prevent study.

Eight consecutive years is the period allowed for a pupil to remain in school.

The sessions last forty weeks, beginning September 15th.

Boys are put at a trade as soon as they are large enough to work.

All pupils who are large enough are required to do some sort of manual work.

A Georgian Establishment.

It may be a source of gratification to many of The Constitution's readers to know that these schools were established and for a third of a century were operated by a native Georgian, afterward a distinguished Alabamian—Dr. Joseph Henry Johnston. Dr. Johnston was born in Madison, Morgan county, Georgia, in 1832, but the succeeding year his parents moved to Floyd county, Georgia, where he grew to manhood. He attended a medical college at Charleston, and afterwards graduated with high honors at Jefferson medical college, at Philadelphia. At this period of his history, he was a classmate and intimate associate of Dr. Robert B. Battey, of Rome, the renowned surgeon and gynecologist.

Hon. William Taylor, of Talladega, Dr. Johnston's life-long friend and counselor, in a biography of his distinguished friend, gives the following early history of the institution:

"The older citizens of our community will recall the first advent of Dr. Johnston to Talladega in the year 1858. He came of his own volition, of his distinguished friend, giving the following early history of the institution:

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principal, and placed him in charge. Such in brief was the early history of our state schools for the deaf and blind, in which it will be seen that Dr. Johnston was the moving and inspiring spirit."

During the stormy war-times and the famine which followed, the institution suffered perhaps more than its share, the state government not being able to contribute much to its support. With the strong hands of Dr. Johnston at the helm, however, it breasted the waves of adversity and came up smiling when good times reappeared. By gradual, steady strides, it has advanced in importance and in power for good, and, when Dr. Johnston, last year, was called to his final account, one of the chief sources of gratification to him was the magnificent condition in which he left his practical monument. The directors elected his son, Hon. J. J. Johnston, Jr., to his distinguished father's place, and for more than a year he has managed the affairs of the institutions in such a manner as to convince his friends that he is well worthy of the mantle that has fallen upon his shoulders.

The following tables, which are taken from the last report of the directors of the institutions, will show the number of students engaged in the different departments:

Literary Department—Numbers in arithmetic, 51; elementary algebra, 5; plane geometry, 7; university algebra, 3; reading and language, 51; spelling, 51; history, 21; rhetoric, 10; current news, 50; writing (Braille), 5; geography, 23; physical geography, 15; geology, 11; political economy, 15; physical culture (girls), 23; physical culture (boys), 31.

Manual training Department—Cane seating, 24; mattress making, 8; mat making, 7; collar making, 3; tuning, 3; sewing, 29; bead work, 31; crocheting, 4; knitting, 4; piano, 37; organ, 23; harmony, 3; tuning, 3.

Musical Department—Singing class, 63; piano, 37; organ, 23; harmony, 3; tuning, 3.

Industrial Department—Cane seating, 24; mattress making, 8; mat making, 7; collar making, 3; tuning, 3; sewing, 29; bead work, 31; crocheting, 4; knitting, 4; piano, 37; organ, 23; harmony, 3; tuning, 3.

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10



THE GLOBE SHOE AND CLOTHING COMPANY.

Our Last Effort, our Final Stroke, to wind up the winter business. Read how we intend to do it: We don't intend to spring the old saying on you, "We rather count money than goods," for we've got a good many counters to count for us. We are not going to slaughter fifty thousand dollars' worth of Clothing at half price rather than invoice it, for we can invoice it for less than the twenty-five thousand we'd lose. Neither have we found several thousand dollars' worth of odds and ends that we are "going to sell for a song," for somebody might come in and sing "After the Ball," and we're too good merchants to have so many odds and ends. But what we are going to do this week is this: Give you the best values, including Hats, Furnishings and Shoes, that you have ever had. In a few days we will begin to talk "Spring" to you. Until then, look over these prices, come in and look at the goods, then if you don't think it will pay you to buy, and you'd rather wait, all right—"nobody hurt."



OUR \$5.00 LINE ...

— OF —

...CLOTHING...

Is too well known for us to say anything about it except that we have a new lot that are the best values we ever gave in Sacks or Cutaways, from size 33 to 50. If these were worth \$10 last season they are worth \$15 now, but we are still selling them at \$5.

THE MOST POPULAR

— LINE SEEMS TO BE —

Our \$7.50 Line

Which comprises Suits worth as high as \$15. It will certainly pay you to look at them.

Our \$7.50 Black Clay Worsted is the talk of the Clothing trade.



We know as well as you at this time of the year the people want extra good values to make them buy. We have put most all of our Suits worth \$15, \$16, \$18 and \$20 in one lot and you can have

YOUR CHOICE AT \$8.50

You can't afford to miss this chance. even if you must lay the Suit away, it would pay you. It is doubtful whether you will ever get such a chance again.

In case you don't want a Suit you very likely will want a pair of

== ODD PANTS ==

to go with your Coat and Vest until you are ready to buy your Spring Suit. We can sell Pants from 50c up. The largest assortment in the South.

Children's Suits

BOYS' AND YOUTH'S CLOTHING.

Knee Pants Suits for \$1.48.
Knee Pants Suits for \$1.98.
Knee Pants Suits for \$2.58.

THE BEST VALUES WE EVER OFFERED.



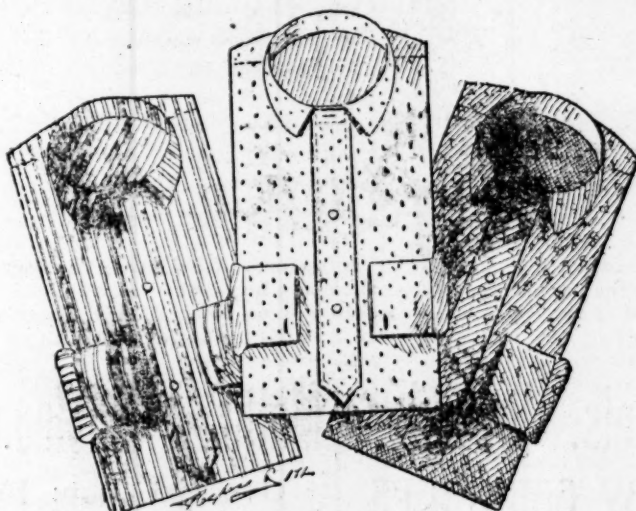
A WATERPROOF MACKINTOSH At \$3.98

Every man should have one at this price.

New Goods Received Daily

— IN OUR —

FURNISHING DEPARTMENT!



A new lot of Negligee Shirts at 48c, sold everywhere for 75c.

Monarch Negligee Shirts at 98c.
White laundered Shirts at 48c.
White unlaundered Shirts at 25c.
White unlaundered Shirts, reinforced, 38c.
Waterhouse Neckwear, the \$1.00 kind, at 50c.
100 dozen Tecks, Bows or Four-in-Hands at 25c, worth 50c.
Silk Handkerchiefs at 25c.
Cotton Handkerchiefs at 5c.
Suspenders 15c. Boston Garters at 38c.
And everything in the Men's Furnishing line at money-saving prices.



Hats .. Hats ..



It won't be long now until you will wear a straw Hat, but until then you must wear something. What is the use of paying \$2.00 for a Hat when we can sell you the same kind for 98c, either Derby or Alpine. A Fur Crusher for men or boys at 48c. All the latest shapes and colors at \$1.48. It will certainly be to your interest to visit our Hat Department before making your purchase elsewhere.

Special! Children's Tam O'Shanter, leather, worth \$1.00, at 48c, while they last.

Shoes . . .

It is very easy to understand why we do the largest Shoe Business in the south—we give the best shoes for the least money. We guarantee satisfaction. We carry the largest stock and never fail to suit you. Read our prices, come in and see our goods then if we can't sell you it is because you don't want to buy.

Men's Shoes . . .

183 pairs Men's hand welt Tan Russia Calf Shoes, Blucher or Piccadilly last in Lace, Globe, Plain toe in Congress, made to sell for \$4.00. The Globe's price \$2.98.
116 pairs Men's hand welt Calf Shoe, Blucher, Piccadilly or narrow square toe in Lace, French or Globe toe in Congress, made to sell for \$4.00. The Globe's price \$2.98.
93 pairs Men's hand welt Blucher, Globe cap toe, a sample lot, made to sell for \$3.50. The Globe's price \$2.50.
86 pairs Men's Dongola Shoes, made especially for wide feet, "a yard wide," Lace or Congress, made to sell for \$3.00. The Globe's price \$2.50.



160 pairs Men's Extension or Pump Sole Shoes, all styles of toes, Lace or Congress, made to sell for \$2.50. The Globe's price \$1.98.
234 pairs Men's machine sewed Shoes, all shapes of toes to fit all shapes of feet, made to sell for \$2.00. The Globe's price \$1.48.
145 pairs Men's Buff Shoes, three styles of toes in Lace or Congress made to sell for \$1.50. The Globe's price \$1.25.
136 pairs Men's Solid Leather Shoes, adapted for rough work, made to sell for \$1.25. The Globe's price 98c.
74 pairs Boys' Satin Calf Shoes, Yale or Globe plain toes, sizes 2 to 6, made to sell for \$2.00. The Globe's price \$1.48.
91 pairs Boys' Buff Shoes, a splendid wearing one, sizes 3 to 5, made to sell for \$1.50. The Globe's price \$1.25.
108 pairs Boys' Machine Sewed Shoes, guaranteed "solid leather," a perfect School Shoe, made to sell for \$1.25. The Globe's price 98c.

Ladies' Shoes . . .

86 pairs Ladies' Vici Kid Shoes, turned or extension soles, cloth or kid tops, made to sell for \$4.00. The Globe's price \$2.98.
93 pairs Ladies' machine sewed Shoes, cloth or kid tops, patent leather tips, sizes 2 to 8, made to sell for \$2.50. The Globe's price \$1.98.
154 pairs Ladies' Dongola Kid Shoes, fancy top facing, fancy web back stay and made to sell for \$2.00. The Globe's price \$1.48.
167 pairs Ladies' Dongola Kid Shoes, standard drill lining, bottom and counter flint stone sole leather, made to sell for \$1.50. The Globe's price \$1.25.
146 pairs Ladies' Common Sense or opera toes, genuine Dongola stock silk fitted, silk worked button holes, sizes 3 to 8, made to sell for \$1.25. The Globe's price 98c.



82 pairs Ladies' velvet house slippers, sizes 3 to 8 made to sell for \$1.50. The Globe's price 98c.
65 pairs Misses' Dongola Kid Shoe, choicest grade of Dongola, sizes 11 1-2 to 2, made to sell for \$2.00. The Globe's price \$1.48.
Same Shoe, 8 to 11, \$1.23; 5 to 8, 98c.
89 pairs Misses' School Shoes, sole leather, inner and outer soles, sole leather counter, sizes 12 to 2, made to sell for \$1.50. The Globe's price, 98c.
Same Shoe, 8 1-2 to 11, 75c; 5 to 8, 75c.
103 pairs Misses' cloth and kid top shoe, something good for service, sizes 12 to 2, made to sell for \$1.00. The Globe's price 75c.
54 pairs Men's patent leather Oxfords, hand sewed, made to sell for \$2.00. The Globe's price \$1.48.
67 pairs Men's patent leather Oxfords, size 6 to 11, made to sell for \$1.50. The Globe's price \$1.25.

Mail Order Department.

We have often been asked the question: Why do we devote so much time to our Mail Order Department? You might just as well ask, why do we sell Clothing? Because it is part of our business, we would answer. Does it necessarily follow that just because a man does not happen to live in Atlanta that we can't do business with him? We say, No. Our Mail Order Department is run by the best men in the business, and whether you want 5c worth or \$500 worth it matters not, you receive the best attention it is possible to give. Write to us for anything you want. Send for samples of Men's Clothing, and we will guarantee to give you satisfaction or refund your money. It's an easy way to shop, and you certainly get better values than if you would pick the goods out yourself.



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THIS PAPER
24 PAGES
AND AN
CONSTITUTION
VOL. XX

Silk Waists and Vests
new touch and trim
First glimpse at the
are rich—Lyons St.
Points, Jet, Ribbons
and the cheapness

Dress

There is a Silk dress
Each day brings
more new things. It
two hundred and
with chests of drawers
them, are loaded
rare Silks.
Never before had
riety of very fine
things—of course
dium grades also.
lar articles are worn

Taffeta Silks in small
plaids, wonderfully airy
and serviceable, two
and prettiest colorings.

Our price
Enticelle Poles, a light
wrought zig-zag crink
with warp printed figure
dish hues, worth 60c.

Our price
Bardere Venetian Silks
some with swivel figure
stripes, some peculiarly
all beautiful with delicate

Our price
Brah Silk Crepes, all
plain colors, and
crinkled, solid grounds
an inch apart, 24 in. wide

Our price
A monumental collection
India and Japanese Silks
grounds, with white and
dots, stripes and figures

Our price
Moorish Silk Crepes, all
new designs in Persian
and, richest. For wraps
evening wear, would be

Our price
Satin Duchesse, quart
combined with blue, red
yellow, 24 in. wide and
bias with minute emb
data, worth \$1.25.

Our price
Imported Black Silks
Duchesse, heavy plain
satin Luxor, Fallies, Im
brocade, Taffetas and
wide, worth up to \$1.50;

Our price
Broadened Taffetas, wh
the grounds with self-c
wide by finger-width b
mating two inches ap
style, worth \$1.25.

Our price
Novelty Gros Grain Silks
small satin dots, crescent
with embroidered colored
dots on blue grounds
cheap, worth \$1.25.

Our price
Checked Taffetas in da
collegially stunning and ric
blue ground Taffetas wi
stripes of contrasting color
worth \$1.25.

Our price
Pekin Plisse Satin Crepe
for debutante costumes, g
cream, lilac. Alternate in
and plain stripes. Direct fr
U.S.

Our price
Taffeta Faconne Lances,
with satin stripes and dots
crinkles and splashes of w
11 in. wide. For the pro
rage, worth \$1.25.

Our price
Taffeta Glace Broderie Car
medium and dark tan gro
broadened dots and flower
grounds are judged rare barg
Our price

Our price
French Jacquard Taffeta
black, cel, maize, cerise, s
green and blue grounds, w
and warp printed shadow
Our price

Our price
Printed warp Taffetas, afte
varieties: cloudy, indescriba
ble effects, including a
tints; worth up to \$1.5.

Our price
Black Microre Taffetas,
and colored figures, some a
satin dots seed size. Hand
or reception gown; worth \$1.
Our price

Our price
Broderie Gros d'Inde, in
effects on tinted grounds.
A dainty iridescent figures on
some enhanced by satin strip
Our price

Our price
Crepes and Frieze Chiffon
dresses, 46 in. wide
spider-webs, beautiful for
bridesmaid dresses; worth \$1.
Our price

Our price
Taffeta Faconne Marbre,
stripes an inch wide and two
wide printed warp effects on
ing taffeta surface; worth \$1.
Our price

Our price
Taffeta Broderie Broche, Ta
broderie, Taffeta Haitienne a
crescent, and Taffeta Quadri
line, cel, blue, gray and crea
Our price

Our price
Parisian Novelty Black Sil
satin, Pequin Pelisse, Moire
satin, Gros d'Inde, Brocade
and many others, worth up to
Our price

city in Georgia, and will spend a large deal of its time in the work of reaching those men who are away from home.

The reports from the different associations throughout the state were made showing them to be in good condition, as

ready made.

Judge Van Epps Speaks.

Tonight's services were opened with song and praise service which was followed by an address by Hon. Howard Van Epps, of Atlanta, upon "The Divinity of Christ." This address was one of the

Two Views Presented
nation in North

was greatly enjoyed by the large audience of citizens and delegates present.

Mr. J. R. West, of Richmond, Va., spoke of "The Worldwide Work."

The convention closes tomorrow night and the programme of exercises for the Sabbath is an interesting one. It is as follows:

Consecration meeting at 3:30 a. m., at the association hall, led by Mr. E. L. ...

At 4 o'clock H. E. H. Rowe, President of the Wesleyan Female seminary, will be the soloist of the Presbyterian church. Mr. John Lake, of Columbus, Ga., will preach at the Christian church.

At 2:30 p. m., there will be a singing at the chapel, conducted by Mr. Lake.

At 2:30 p. m., a grand mass meeting will be held at the association, presided by Mr. A. A. Jamieson, of Augusta.

At 4 p. m., a grand mass meeting for the association hall will be held by H. O. Williams, of Virginia.

At 4 p. m., a grand mass meeting for men at the First Methodist church will be held by N. C. Williams, of Georgia.

Other Banquets To Be Given

The farewell union meeting will be held at 8 o'clock tomorrow night at the Presbyterian church, and will be presided over by State Secretary W. M. Lewis.

The state executive committee met and elected Mr. J. Frank Beck, of Atlanta, president; Mr. J. C. Dayton, of Atlanta, secretary; and Mr. J. C. Beck, of Atlanta, treasurer.

**Democrats Declare That
of the Populists and
Has Disgusted t**

Officers of the Allinca Corroborate
Their Captain's Statement.
New York, March 10, 1901.

New York, March 15.—There was no further correspondence today between officers of the steamer Allianca, which was fired on by a Spanish gunboat on March 14, while off Cape Mayal, and the state department. The off-

partment. The officers, in fact, consider that they have furnished the department with every possible detail regarding the Spaniard's attack on a Columbian battleship off Cuba, and are now waiting

entirely upon the authorities at Washington to see that justice is done. First Officer Corning said this morning:

"I am perfectly confident that the Spanish government knows the name of the submarine which attacked us. If it does not, however, it will be a very simple matter for it to find out. All the government will have to do is to shift the blame to the

all ships which were then in that vicinity, and it will then be a very easy matter for it to discover which one was in the longitude and latitude where the shooting occurred. Had the Spaniard been justified in

That no such report has been made is in my mind proof positive that her commandant realized that he had made a serious

blunder, and is anxious to hush up the whole matter. That the shooting occurred just as we reported to the state department is absolutely true, and it matters not if all the Spanish ministers in the world deny it. Captain Crossman would never have

dared to have sworn to a false affidavit and sent it to Washington. Moreover, the story of Peterson, of the Atlantic line steamship Alisa, is also true. I was on deck myself when she was sighted, and there was a bit of smoke discernible from her funnels until 9:20 o'clock in the morning, two

hours after the attack of the Spaniards had taken place."

SACKED NEWSPAPER OFFICES.

Spanish Soldiers Take Revenge for

the Editors.

Madrid, March 18.—The Resumen newspaper in an article on the Cuban insurrection, charged junior officers of the army with a lack of enthusiasm and indolence.

with a lack of enthusiasm and intention to go to Cuba because of the danger to which they would be exposed there. Representing this imputation, a party of thirty-five officers raided the office of the paper

The Globe commented severely upon the action of the officers and protested against their conduct, whereupon sixty officers visited the office of The Globe last night and

visited the office of the Globe last night, and made an attack upon the staff of that paper. In the melee, the city editor and two subordinates were badly injured and the office completely wrecked.

thizers increased every minute, until it reached in number four hundred, and all attempts to prevent their sacking the office were futile. The officers and their fellows then went to the office of The Herald

but were unable to gain an entrance to the premises, and finally withdrew. Last year they made another visit to the office of The Resumen, but the captain-general who had in the meantime been summoned surrounded them to disperse. Military control was increased from 1964 to 1965, and plans for turning back guerrillas everywhere have been elected on a platform of reform and lower

Spaniards Discuss It.
Madrid, March 16.—The minister of foreign affairs has already begun an inquiry into the affair.

the United States had addressed to Spain a courteous remonstrance in the case of the *Atrevida*, which was said to have been fired on by a Spanish cruiser off the coast of Cuba. Deputies Villanueva, Díaz

The farmers get more products than ever, from the state and at the same figure as 10 and 12 cents. There

The minister eventually promised a full inquiry should be made into the incident and that the government would not neglect to fulfill all the demands of justice. As yet, he said, the government had received no official report of the affair.

LI HUNG CHANG'S MISSION.
He Has Started to Simonoseki to Negotiate.

Washington, March 16.—Official reports have been received here stating that the powers of Viceroy Li Hung Chang, Chinese peace commissioner, are to negotiate upon four points—first, independence

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...in North Caro
...and abhorrend
The Douglas
One other act will
to make the act

Li Hung Chang's credentials read simply "to negotiate," but he is clothed with powers for this purpose. Negotiations

Beseeching the Powers.

at St. Petersburg has started for Berlin on his errand to seek support for China in the preservation of the integrity of its territory on the mainland.

Tien-Tain, March 16.—Hundreds of refugees are arriving from Kin-Chow at Shanghai. They say that they last heard of the Generals Sung and Ju as fleeing, with the Japanese in hot pursuit.

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OF FUSION?

Presented of the Situation
North Carolina.

Third Column Fifteenth Page

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MARION BUTLER.

THE CAMERA.

It Makes All Women
Beautiful.

is—Any woman who
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man is most graceful
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T. B. ISLAND.

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in visiting re-
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SNARED THEN SKIPPED

A Big Green Goods Crook Captured
Yesterday at the Express Office.

A DARING ESCAPE HE MADE
Confined in the Custom House He
Escaped Through the Transom.

HE WORKED WITH A NEW YORK GANG

How a Deceit Package Was Sent to Atlanta
from New Orleans and Effect of the
Capture of the Prisoner.

Shortly after 10 o'clock yesterday morning Benjamin E. Simms, alias V. E. Simms, W. E. McGill, alias Professor A. B. Simpson, one of the boldest colored crooks known in Atlanta for many years and a notorious green goods man, was captured at the express office by General Inspector Whiteside and Postoffice Inspector Tom Jones.

While the officers were preparing for a preliminary hearing he was confined in the prisoner's room on the fourth floor of the custom house.

Some time between 12 and 1 o'clock he made a daring escape by breaking through the transom and rushing down the stairway. Chief of Police Connolly and Chief of Detectives Wright were notified immediately and the city officers with the full corps of United States deputy marshals secured Atlanta, but with a shrewdness shown in the numerous games he has worked during the last two years, Simms or Simpson, made effectual his escape and succeeded in putting himself beyond capture again.

Simms is a crook of the worst type. The

charges are piled up against him, and if he had been brought to trial he would have been called to answer for the green goods racket, using the mails for fraudulent purposes, and forger money orders. He is a darky of superior intelligence, a student at the Atlanta university, and had been a teacher for several years.

General Inspector Whiteside and Inspector Jones maneuvered an ingenious scheme to effect his capture. A letter written by Simms to New Orleans, making a proposition to "shove" the bogus bills there, fell into the hands of a postoffice clerk. The authorities were notified and the letter was answered and a decoy package sent to Simms. When he called for it yesterday the officers were on hand.

Thus his capture a New York gang with whom he communicated and operated may be captured.

How the First Case Came.

Several weeks ago Inspector Whiteside, whose headquarters are in Chattanooga, received a message from Inspector Dice, of New Orleans, informing him that some man in Atlanta was doing the green goods business. Inspector Dice stated that a letter written by A. B. Simpson, of Atlanta, and addressed to H. B. Myers, of New Orleans, had by mistake been opened by an H. B. Myers who was employed in the postoffice of that city.

The letter made startling revelations. It stated that the writer had a lot of money which he wished to dispose of as quickly as possible. The money was of a good quality and manufactured by a process that made it appear just as genuine as the real stuff. For \$200 he would send \$2,000 in green goods, or for \$100 he could get \$1,000.

"We must catch this man," said Inspector Dice, in his letter. "He is dangerous. Myers will reply to the letter and you can take charge of the Atlanta end."

Postoffice Inspector Jones was also communicated with and assisted materially in working out the plan for capture.

Tuesday Whiteside left Chattanooga for Atlanta, expecting the bogus package to arrive in Atlanta Wednesday, but a telegram from New Orleans told him that it had been delayed and he stopped at Dalton.

They Look for the Deceit Package.

Thursday Whiteside arrived and was kept in constant communication with the route of the decoy package. It was expected to arrive Friday night, but got into this city that morning before noon.

That afternoon the officers made a trip to the Southern express office on Wall street. The package was there, and they determined to wait until it was called for by the man who was playing the green goods game. All the afternoon they waited, and until the delivery office closed at night, but Simpson came not.

He Hid Behind the Boxes.

Not a bit discouraged—they knew that a letter had been sent telling the crook that the package had arrived—the officers were at the express office as soon as it opened yesterday morning. Inspector Jones went into the space reserved for the delivery clerk and concealed himself behind a pile of boxes, where he had placed a comfortable chair.

On the opposite side of the room Inspector Whiteside took his stand and began to puff away on a big cigar with indomitable patience. They waited.

When Simpson Came.

It was beginning to grow irksome for the officers. They had about determined to quit the watch and go to lunch.

But shortly after 10 o'clock a young colored man—rather drollish in appearance—opened the door and looked about cautiously. Only a moment he hesitated, then walked boldly up to the delivery window and asked if there was anything there for Professor A. B. Simpson.

The officers had scanned him closely. He looked twenty-five years old, and his speech was well modulated and fluent. A derby hat adorned his head and a light overcoat buttoned close up to the neck covered a rather thick set body.

"Anything here for Simpson?" he repeated, as the clerk came forward.

He was informed that a package containing \$200 was there.

"The man," said the crook. "The package is from New Orleans, and I have been expecting it for some time."

The sealed envelope, which really contained only a number of sheets of blank

paper, was handed across the counter and the receipt book shoved with it.

It was time for the officers to act. Whiteside sprang down from his barricade, and before the crook was aware of what was happening a strong hand was in his collar and an ominous gun in his face. Inspector Jones took out the handcuffs and snapped them quickly about the man's wrists.

"What do you mean?" asked Simpson, in an indignant tone.

"That's all right," replied the officer. "We know you. Just get out there and march."

Professor Simpson was carried at once to the office of Judge Broyles. Here the warrant was taken out and he was questioned briefly. The man insisted that he was innocent, and said that he intended to make the government suffer for the insult imposed on him.

Carried to the Prisoner's Room.

Before entering on the preliminary hearing it was decided to go out to Simpson's house to search for further evidence and obtain the correspondence, if possible, which he had with Myers previous to receiving the package.

Deputy Marshal Sibley, one of the oldest officers in the service, was there and the prisoner was turned over to him for safe keeping. He was told to take him to the room reserved for United States prisoners in the custom house, where it was thought that a guard would be placed to watch him.

The room is a small apartment on the fourth floor, where the moonshiners are kept pending their trial before Judge Newman. The windows are locked securely and there is a heavy door leading outside. Above the door is a transom, which the man was placed, and with the thought that he was perfectly safe, Deputy Marshal Sibley left to join the party going out to search the house.

Out Through the Transom.

Simpson lived at 549 Ashby street, and it was nearly 1 o'clock before the officers returned prepared to enter into the preliminary hearing. Everything was in readiness. Colonel James was sent for and all the officers assembled again in Commissioner Broyles's office, where the commitment trial was to be held. A marshal was sent up for the prisoner.

He returned. There was a look of blank amazement on his countenance and several seconds before he could speak.

"I can't find him. He's gone. Got away over the transom," the officer exclaimed. It was like a bomb exploding in the midst of the proceedings. The marshal, stamped to the custom house to inspect, if possible, the prisoner's flight. United States Marshal Dunlap was notified and ordered that the building be searched from ceiling to dome. It was thought that the man had climbed to the top of the house and concealed himself among the rafters, but he had gone glimmering and not the slightest trace of him could be obtained.

How the Escape Was Made.

Simpson took desperate chances to get away. The building was crowded at the time and in getting out he must have passed a number of men connected with the various departments.

As soon as Simpson got to the room he must have determined upon escape at all hazards. There were in the place a number of old stools and chairs used in days gone by by United States prisoners.

These were put into use and piled against the door. Standing on top, the negro began to push against the bottom of the transom. It was fastened and required force to move. At last the transom yielded and the glass was turned or rather pushed half way up. The space was small and it was evidently a tight squeeze, as shreds of the crook's coat were left behind on the shaft end of the transom.

Simpson did not take the elevator. It is thought that he ran to the back stairway and slipped down the three flights to the second floor. Here he was forced to go to the front of the building to the steps just in front of the United States marshal's office before reaching the ground floor. Once in the open air, he used his legs.

Simpson was a Student.

Simpson was a student of unusual intelligence. He came to Atlanta from Conway three years ago and went to the country near Decatur, where he taught school for some time. For the last year he has been in attendance at the Atlanta university, which is not far from his home.

He lived with his family in a neat cottage just in the rear of the university buildings.

"Benjie was writing all the time," said his sister yesterday afternoon. "I never knew what he was writing about, but he said that he was going to make us all rich. He used to read, too, and had a good education."

A Trunk Full of Letters.

A trunk full of letters was found in the room used by Simpson as a library. They were letters from all parts of the United States and on subjects the most diversified.

He was making inquiries as to how he should place his bets. Several letters were found from mining investment companies, showing that he had an idea of taking stock.

In the trunk were also a number of envelopes from which the letters had been taken. These were addressed to different banks in this city. How he came in possession of these is a question which Dr. Pryor would like to have answered.

Where He Got the Idea.

Simpson had been doing the green goods business for some time, as shown by his correspondence. During this time he had disposed of thousands of dollars of "the queer."

He was a distributing agent for a New York firm, as shown by letters leading up to his going into the business. These letters were all signed by J. R. Langsley, and the crook was in earnest.

"Friend Simms—Yours to hand, and in reply will say that I would rather see you face to face the first time than to see you by mail. Examine closely and you will find that it fits the description given in the counterfeit document—absolutely perfect. Turn over the document to me. I will send you one-half of the bill to look old and left the other half as it is. All the other documents are of the same quality. So nominations are of the same quality. So if this suits you, go to the express office and get off \$250 to me at once. Put always on your letter to me, and I will return to you. Now if this suits you, the sooner the better."

There is no date to the letter. It is signed by J. R. Langsley, 170 West street, New York city.

One letter shows that Simpson sent on a false deed to pay for green goods. Langsley would not receive it, saying that he would accept only cash.

Forged Money Order.

In a desk at his house a forged money order, made payable to the New York bank, was also found. Where Simpson obtained it is not known.

Originally the order was made payable to Mrs. Mary Byrd, Tusculum, Ala., and was for \$250. The name was erased by the negro and that of Langsley substituted in a clever way. The order was also made payable to the New York bank, and the intention of Simpson to send this on to pay for a supply of green goods.

Until late last night the deputies were searching the city, but no trace could be found.

THREE OF A KIND.

Speaking of Buildings, These Are De-
cidedly Unique.

"JACK SMITH" AND HIS PROJECTS

Two of Them Realized—The Third
Greatest of Them All.

TALK ON A VARIETY OF TOPICS

Captain Tip Harrison Is Writing a Book.
A Well-Known Citizen Who Had a
Birthday Yesterday.

Here is a story of one man and three buildings—all of them, man and buildings alike, unique.

His name is Jasper Newton Smith. Half of Atlanta knows him, but hardly one in a thousand knows him by that name. To his friends—to everybody—he is Captain "Jack" Smith, and of all the Smiths in America, he's one of the most unique.

Several years ago the papers were full of the story of "The House That Jack Built." Even today the novelty has not worn off and the peculiar triangular structure at the corner of Peachtree and Forsyth is one of the sights of the city. At nowhere else in Atlanta is a front

foot of property worth so much as is the Peachtree frontage of "The House That Jack Built." With an eight-inch frontage on Peachtree, the lot which Jack owned and Church street, which with Forsyth

the triangle. It was apparently a useless little piece of dirt of no value whatever to anybody, and in all probability it would have remained valueless in the hands of anybody else than Jack Smith. He saw its value and the opportunity. When he asked for a permit to erect a three-story building on that corner the town laughed. His friends joked him about it, but all he would say was "Wait and see!" Armed with a permit he went to Venable Bros, and at a small cost, bought the odds and ends of granite left from the cuttings of the Belgian brick building, which was a waste of work, and superintending the construction himself, built the unique granite block which will, for all time, bear his name and which will be a monument to him long after he is gone.

But "The House That Jack Built" was only the beginning. The success which came with that effort has led him to another equally unique, and he has in contemplation a third which, if it materializes, will outline not only both the others, but all the buildings of the world.

His second one is his "Bachelor's Rest," a five-story block, erected in the center of the square bounded by Pryor, House or Auburn avenue and Ivy. He found in the center of that block, which is an extraordinarily large one, a vacant space sixty feet by one hundred, which was practically inaccessible and seemingly of no value whatever, except as a court into which several alleys led. He bought that piece of property and upon it has erected a handsome brick building, which is now under a roof and is receiving the finishing touches to its interior decoration. Before he began this, however, he secured an alley leading from Pryor street, just north of the front of the building, to the rear, and entrance to "Bachelor's Rest." This is a paved, an archway will be built over it and it will, in fact, be an attractive arcade entrance from the street to the building.

But the location of the building is not its only unique feature. When it came to numbering the rooms Captain Jack said "Nay." There are fifty of these rooms, and instead of numbering them he has given to each a name, such as "The Bachelor's Territory." The result will be that when the diamond-decked clerk who will have charge of the apartments calls "front" it will be front's duties to go to Ohio or Arkansas, California or Maine, or to New York or Florida, as the indicator may state. A native of any one of these states can get a touch of "Home, Sweet Home" if he is so fortunate as to secure the room named after his state. Captain Smith says he doesn't see why this isn't an improvement on the old system of numbering and especially for bachelors who sometimes find it difficult to remember the number of their room and may remember more easily the state which is for the nonce, his abode.

Another feature of this building will be a large swimming pool on top. The roof has been constructed of iron and it will be fed with hot and cold water, with dressing rooms, and in fact, will be what has long been needed in Atlanta—a genuine swimming pool.

The third building is in prospect. This is to be a monument to the Smith family. The captain's plans, as he has unfolded them to his friends, contemplate the construction of a granite building thirty-three stories high on a lot which he owns at Buckhead. He selects this lot because he has it and because it seems to him thoroughly appropriate for the purpose. The money for the construction of this building is to be raised in a unique way. Every Smith in America is to be invited to take stock in it to the extent of \$1. Jack is to be the custodian of the funds, of course, and it is his purpose to build the finest building which money can construct. Each stockholder is to have the privilege of spending one day at the home of the stockholder, and in this way a process of reasoning not altogether clear, the captain expects to be able to take care of several hundred indigent Smiths at the same time.

His plans for this building are not entirely perfected, but anybody who knows Captain Jack and studies his record of accomplishment in the building line will not be at all surprised to see him carrying through any scheme he may settle upon. He is a hustler, is the captain, and if it's pointers on buildings that you're just stop by Don Bain's any day and inquire for Jasper Newton Smith.

A simple little card went out by one of the most prominent citizens of Atlanta yesterday led the recipients to suspect that they were the victims of some sort of a hoax. The card was sent by Mr. A. C. Bruce, the well-known architect, and from the figures it bore it was plain that the impression meant to be conveyed was that Mr. Bruce was celebrating his sixtieth birthday. Now, not one man in 500 who knows A. C. Bruce—and everyone in Atlanta does know him—could be made to believe that he had more than passed the half-century mark. He is certainly the youngest looking sixty-year-old in At-

lanta. He was born in Fredericksburg, Va., and one-fourth of his sixty years have been spent here in this city, and his record in one way or another, follows him. He is a true man—a manly man, one who has been adequate to every duty and true to every trust reposed in him—and he is certainly a very many. Everybody who knows him will join in wishing him many happy returns of the anniversary of his birthday.

Captain Tip Harrison is getting out a book. Captain Tip is a rare story-teller, a man who remembers good stories and recognizing that they are good things, is able to "push 'em along." No man who went through the civil war came out with a better record for bravery than did he, and no other man came out with quite as extensive a fund of anecdotes.

"It is true," said he, "that I am writing a book, and it is to be a book on the war. My intention is to make it unique, and perhaps it will be called 'The Private Soldier' for it is to be a story of the war as viewed from the standpoint of the private soldier. Of course it will be full of anecdote, but it will contain not only the funny stories

of soldier life, but the stories of bravery and gallantry on the part of the boys who wore the gray and carried a musket—boys who were brave as the world ever produced, and that, too, without any hope of reward, except such as came from the conviction of fighting for a cause which they believed to be right. It is my intention to make it historically correct, of course, but my principal object is to show the war as it appeared to the boys in the trenches. It is my good fortune to witness many of the old boys, but I am almost unparallelled, and I want to pay my tribute to that bravery. Of course there were lots of funny things always occurring and I tried to remember everything of that sort which came to my notice. Perhaps some of the stories I tell may appear altogether new to those of my friends who have heard me relate them, but I shall endeavor to make it all as interesting as possible."

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Mr. W. A. Camp, the Chattanooga hotel man, spent yesterday in the city. Mr. Camp is a native of Georgia and is now temporarily conducting the Shipp hotel until the Southern is rebuilt.

The third building is in prospect. This is to be a monument to the Smith family. The captain's plans, as he has unfolded them to his friends, contemplate the construction of a granite building thirty-three stories high on a lot which he owns at Buckhead. He selects this lot because he has it and because it seems to him thoroughly appropriate for the purpose. The money for the construction of this building is to be raised in a unique way. Every Smith in America is to be invited to take stock in it to the extent of \$1. Jack is to be the custodian of the funds, of course, and it is his purpose to build the finest building which money can construct. Each stockholder is to have the privilege of spending one day at the home of the stockholder, and in this way a process of reasoning not altogether clear, the captain expects to be able to take care of several hundred indigent Smiths at the same time.

His plans for this building are not entirely perfected, but anybody who knows Captain Jack and studies his record of accomplishment in the building line will not be at all surprised to see him carrying through any scheme he may settle upon. He is a hustler, is the captain, and if it's pointers on buildings that you're just stop by Don Bain's any day and inquire for Jasper Newton Smith.

A simple little card went out by one of the most prominent citizens of Atlanta yesterday led the recipients to suspect that they were the victims of some sort of a hoax. The card was sent by Mr. A. C. Bruce, the well-known architect, and from the figures it bore it was plain that the impression meant to be conveyed was that Mr. Bruce was celebrating his sixtieth birthday. Now, not one man in 500 who knows A. C. Bruce—and everyone in Atlanta does know him—could be made to believe that he had more than passed the half-century mark. He is certainly the youngest looking sixty-year-old in At-

lanta. He was born in Fredericksburg, Va., and one-fourth of his sixty years have been spent here in this city, and his record in one way or another, follows him. He is a true man—a manly man, one who has been adequate to every duty and true to every trust reposed in him—and he is certainly a very many. Everybody who knows him will join in wishing him many happy returns of the anniversary of his birthday.

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THE CONSTITUTION TODAY:

24 PAGES

Eight-Page Constitution Junior.

ATLANTA, GA., March 17, 1895.

For War or Peace.

Mr. E. W. Barrett, who, for the past several years has been Washington correspondent of The Constitution, leaves tomorrow for Japan and China in the interest of the readers of The Constitution.

The trip is a long one and Mr. Barrett will probably be absent for six months. With the exception of The New York Herald, which has its own correspondent, Colonel John A. Cockerill, in Japan, The Constitution is the only American newspaper which will have its immediate representative on the ground in the interesting period attendant upon the possible early termination of hostilities and the beginning of the great work of reorganization which must immediately follow.

Mr. Barrett is well known to The Constitution's readers through his long service at Washington, where he ranks as one of the most prominent of the large corps of capital correspondents who keep the people posted concerning the developments at the chief political center of the country.

Mr. Barrett sails from San Francisco on the 26th instant, and will go first to Yokohama and from thence to China, where he will join the Japanese army on its march to Peking. "On to Peking!" is still the patriotic cry of Japan, and, notwithstanding the steps which have been taken to bring about a termination of hostilities by the surrender of China, the Japanese army is constantly marching forward, and it will not stop until peace has been definitely declared. It is possible that Li Hung Chang, the Chinese emperor, now on his way to Japan with full power to treat for peace, will complete the details of Chinese surrender and accept Japan's ultimatum, whatever it may be. This would bring the war to an end. The Japanese troops would then be withdrawn, and China would turn its attention to the gigantic task of waking itself up.

The Chinese empire is from a hundred to five hundred years behind in the race of progress. Its active neighbor across the Yellow sea has within twenty years—almost within the last decade—thrown off the rust of centuries and almost in the twinkling of an eye has turned from the darkness of the past into the light of the civilization of today. Japan has adopted western manners and western customs; she has equipped her army and navy with every modern appliance; trained her young warriors in the most approved military schools of the world; reconstructed her political system on the lines of that of the most progressive countries of the world; established newspapers, built railroads and factories in every part of the kingdom; adopted modern devices for the pleasure and comfort of its people, and has in every way taken position among the great nations of the globe.

China, on the other hand, is the China of a thousand years ago—almost the China of the line of dynasties traced back from Confucius to the sun. Its people have abhorred reform, persistently antagonized progress and stubbornly clung to the mediæval and more remote civilization of the kingdom.

The result has been that Japan, with its 40,000,000 of people, has almost wiped China, with its 400,000,000, from the geography of Asia, and has given it the most severe drubbing known to modern warfare.

After surrender to Japan, and after that the most interesting period which has characterized the progress of the conflict will be reached. It will be China's transition from war to peace—its progress from darkness to light; its step from semi-barbarism to civilization.

This great empire must undergo immediate reorganization. It must open its closed gates to the world. It must reorganize its entire political condition; it must adapt itself to new business conditions, and it must prepare for the influx of capital which will make it blo-

som like a green bay, building railroads and factories, improving its people, giving work to the idle, bread to the starving, changing the condition of millions from a servitude which amounts to slavery, to peaceful and contented existence.

The peace following the war between Japan and China will be infinitely more interesting as far as the balance of the world is concerned, than the war, and it is to watch the conditions marking the conclusion of hostilities and to study the readjustment which must follow, that The Constitution sends Mr. Barrett to the scene of what will be the world's most active stage for some months.

Mr. Barrett will send letters to The Constitution by every steamer from Japan, and will cable such important developments as the situation calls for. He bears letters from Secretary Gresham, from Japanese Minister Kurino, at Washington, and from other distinguished officials, whose introduction will guarantee him every facility for studying every phase of the interesting situation.

The Constitution sends its representative to Asia in the interest of its readers, who will be given the news fresh from its source, and with full knowledge of the experience and ability of its author.

The Silver Movement in Europe.

A telegram from Berlin announces that the council of state has adopted the resolution of the silver advocates, endorsing the monetary statement of the chancellor in the reichstag. The council followed this action by rejecting the proposition of the gold advocates that the guarantee of the present currency continue unaltered. The same dispatch states that France has informed Germany of her willingness to co-operate in settling the currency question.

All this is very hopeful, but in order to make the situation in Europe more hopeful, our own people should not relax their efforts to settle this question for themselves on an American basis. The American people can create their own values. They can give potency to their own currency, and in this way they can render themselves and their interests entirely independent of the schemes of the sharks who control the financial affairs of the European governments.

Let us hold ourselves in readiness to co-operate with the efforts of the silver advocates in Europe, provided these efforts carry the movement there on parallel lines with the movement here. But the American people cannot afford to wait on the doubtful action of an international conference, practically controlled by the gold gamblers. If the conference meets and comes to an agreement before our people have an opportunity of settling the question for themselves at the ballot box, well and good; but if it has not reached an agreement by the time the people of this country make themselves heard, then this government will have to settle the question for itself.

We are convinced that it will come to this issue in the end, but it does not follow that because the people of this country are unwilling to place their financial affairs entirely in the hands of a monetary conference, they are unwilling to co-operate in any just settlement of the question.

They hail with delight any rational movement in Europe, but should the efforts of European silver men fall short of success, the people of this country are determined to settle the matter for themselves.

What the Exposition Will Do.

In another column we print an interview with Mr. T. J. Pearce, the manager of Bradstreet's commercial agency in this city, which presents some facts and figures of a very encouraging nature.

Mr. Pearce enjoys exceptional opportunities in the matter of collecting reliable business statistics, and it is very gratifying to find that his report states that in the south collections are improving, business is on the up grade, failures are fewer with lower liabilities, and various indications point to a revival of commerce and industry.

But the most notable feature of the interview is the summary of southern progress after Atlanta's great cotton exposition of 1881. From that exposition dates the real awakening of the south. It made the outside world for the first time acquainted with the nature and extent of our resources, and caused this section to leap forward. Since that time our railroad mileage has more than doubled, and there has been a tremendous increase in our agricultural, timber, iron and coal production. The value of property has increased from \$7,641,000,000 to \$11,534,261,000; the spindles in our cotton mills have increased from 667,000 to 3,000,000; the capital invested in manufacturing has increased from \$257,244,561 to \$800,000,000, and in a comparison of the earnings of 119 separate systems of railroads from November, 1893, to November, 1894, the southern roads showed the only important increase of any single group.

The cotton and iron mills and furniture factories of the north are moving in this direction to get closer to the raw material, and the progress of the south since the exposition of 1881 convinces Mr. Pearce that we may look for still greater results from the Cotton States and International exposition, which will be on a scale of greater magnitude than anything of the kind ever attempted in this region. This anticipation is thoroughly reasonable and as it is supported by our experience in the past, it strikes us that every southern state should see that it is to its interest to make the best possible showing at our big show. The prospect of more than doubling our capital, equipment and output in many industrial and commercial lines in the course of the next ten or fifteen years is a sufficient inducement to cause states, counties, cities, corporations and individuals to make liberal appropriations for their exhibits at an exposition which is designed to extend our trade, and

which will attract the capital and enterprise of several Spanish-American and European countries.

The exposition will open a new era of growth and prosperity for Atlanta and for every southern state. It will throw such a flood of light upon our advantages and resources that the surplus money of the outside world will seek investment here, and a desirable class of immigrants will rush here to grow up with the country. Mr. Pearce's statistics of our progress since the cotton exposition are too suggestive to be ignored. What was then done to push the south forward may now be done on broader lines with grander results. With the exposition will come the end of our period of hard times.

The Paper of the People.

The strength and the merit of a good newspaper is tested in the development of its popularity with its readers. If the people like it, it grows, and, if they do not like it, its circulation falls in proportion to their dislike.

The record of The Daily and Weekly Constitution for the past year has been remarkable, considering the prevalent hard times, and no better evidence of the strength of the paper and of the esteem in which it is held by the people could be desired than that offered by its subscription books.

The circulation of The Daily Constitution shows an increase of more than 10 per cent for 1894 over 1893, and the daily, through the months of January and February of this year, shows an increase in circulation of over 12 per cent, as compared with January and February of last year.

But just look at what The Weekly Constitution is doing! With a circulation of more than 150,000, reaching every state in the union and falling like snowflakes in every part of every southern state, from Virginia to Texas, it bids fair to make a record breaker of the present year, as the following figures, taken from its books, will testify.

These figures show the number of new subscribers received during the months of January, February and March for the years 1893, 1894 and 1895. As will be seen the record for the month of March, 1895, is but half complete. Twelve thousand and ninety-five subscriptions expire this month. This means that just that many new subscribers were enrolled during the month of March one year ago. Though the month is but half past, the record of last year has been largely distanced. But the figures speak for themselves, and they make interesting reading:

New Subscribers to The Weekly Constitution.

	1893.	1894.	1895.
January	12,299	9,570	10,300
February	10,733	11,946	11,780
March	11,610	12,095

For the First Half of March.

	1894.	1895.
March 1	333	341
March 2	509	525
March 3	423	516
March 4	438	622
March 5	443	611
March 6	554	612
March 7	367	380
March 8	367	380
March 9	367	380
March 10	367	380
March 11	367	380
March 12	367	380
March 13	367	380
March 14	367	380
March 15	367	380
March 16	367	380
March 17	367	380
March 18	367	380
March 19	367	380
March 20	367	380
March 21	367	380
March 22	367	380
March 23	367	380
March 24	367	380
March 25	367	380
March 26	367	380
March 27	367	380
March 28	367	380
March 29	367	380
March 30	367	380
March 31	367	380

Lawyer Moore Rushes Into Print.

The letter which Lawyer Moore gave out for publication yesterday makes his case even worse than the original. It was with regret that The Constitution felt called upon to handle the subject at all. The letter as published was received from Indiana. In order that Mr. Moore might have a perfectly fair chance, the matter was presented to him, the letter read and acknowledged as being true, and then he was given the opportunity to frame his answer to go in simultaneously. He replied that he could not give the letter in full, because he had written to Indiana for it. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Moore simply speaks falsely when he says he was not given perfect justice.

But there is enough of this. With a man of Lawyer Moore's caliber there can be no argument. He has written his letter, and it speaks sufficiently for itself.

A Word to Borrowers.

We learn that a good many people who are willing to borrow money are refusing the terms that lenders are now attaching to their loans and mortgages. While only ordinary forms of currency are asked for and granted, the face of the contracts contains a stipulation to the effect that payment shall be made in gold.

We advise borrowers to run away from such one-sided contracts as these, which illustrate perfectly the ethics of the money sharks. Payment in gold is demanded, when gold is not delivered. Where there is a gold stipulation, borrowers should demand gold. If lenders cannot deliver gold, borrowers should fight shy of the gold contracts. No investment that can now be made with borrowed money is likely to pay a reasonable return so long as trade and business values are measured by the single gold standard. When prices are falling, borrowed capital takes the shape of a white elephant.

The Day We Celebrate.

When St. Patrick's day falls upon Sunday, as it does this year, its celebration necessarily loses some of that popular enthusiasm which accompanies the procession to the music of "Garry Owen" on a week day.

But Sunday or week day the enthusiasm that swells in the breast of every man of Irish blood or lineage remains the same. To the Irishman it is the culminating day of nationalism. It binds his heart to a land fettered, it is true, but rich in its independent manhood, whose protest against English supremacy has been the battle cry of freedom for nearly eight hundred years.

That battle cry received its first triumphant answer from Washington when he celebrated the day with the Irish soldiers of his revolutionary army, and in his address assured them that their valor

would be one of the corner stones of American independence. The descendants of those Irish revolutionary soldiers, now removed five generations, are proud of the blood which has come to them through such a strain, and feel today as enthusiastically as their cousins of the Emerald Isle.

The Irishman has always been a good citizen. He earns his living honestly, and is never found attached to the army of indolence. He respects the law, he respects himself, and he respects the rights of others, so that he is always regarded as a welcome acquisition to any community. His fondness for the land that he has left proves that he has left there naught to be ashamed of, and his fidelity to the land of his adoption has long ago passed beyond all question.

St. Patrick's day has associations entirely on the side of liberty; it was the only foreign holiday celebrated by the army of the revolution, and it has, therefore, become an inheritance to Americans, which assures its place on the list of American festival days.

Why The Constitution Criticizes.

It is the favorite occupation of the administration organs and the cuckoos to read The Constitution out of the party on the slightest provocation and on all occasions. We have insisted all the time that the democratic party carry out its pledges with good faith and honest purpose for the good of the people. This is the sum total of our offense toward these papers and these personal partisans. We have commended whatever could be consistently commended of Mr. Cleveland's administration, because we have had no democratic administration, and if we have, we frankly admit that we do not understand the democratic party as he construes it.

The president has attempted to use democratic principles which are opposed to protection, for the purpose of saddling upon this country a new system of free trade, as embodied in the Nova Scotia movement, which is worse than any kind of protection. We fought it vigorously. Mr. Cleveland saw fit to refuse to sign the tariff bill passed by a democratic congress, simply because it did not acquiesce in his demands on this question.

He vetoed the seigniorage bill after a democratic congress passed it. We denounced that and we will continue to denounce it as a great wrong on the people of this country, and undemocratic in the face of every announcement made by our conventions in regard to silver. He leaves this seigniorage in the treasury, though it is just as much money as the silver dollars already coined, and deliberately issues bonds instead of using it to pay the current expenses of the government, simply because he wants to continue to depreciate silver money. Now, if this is democratic, Georgians are not democrats.

We have denounced his issues of bonds because there was no necessity for them except such as was created by men who wanted bonds. We denounced his last issue of bonds because this country is too big and too powerful to make it necessary to privately dicker with foreign corporations for a loan, when we have all the money, according to the admission of these men themselves, necessary to carry on at least the business of the government. This dicker was made in the face of the fact that three months before, when he advertised for the second loan of \$50,000,000, he was offered \$185,000,000 at 2 1/2 per cent. He only accepted \$50,000,000 of this offer and rejected the other \$135,000,000, and in the face of this fact three months afterward made a loan of \$62,000,000 and paid 3 1/2 per cent, under such circumstances as would create suspicion in the minds of any fair dealing men in any sort of a transaction. We say this was undemocratic, and we denounced it. If it is democratic then Georgians who have all along been democrats have been vastly deceived about their party.

Any reform that Rosebery might have suggested would fall so far short of this radical expectation that it would have been folly for him to have led the fight. His followers want to get rid of the whole class, and it was inevitable that they should become restive under his leadership. The liberal party is now dominated by the radical element, which proposes to thunder at the gates of Windsor castle, instead of riding there bearing her majesty's command.

The resignation of Lord Rosebery will lead to a dissolution of parliament in which the conservatives will be victorious. The incubus of Rosebery has been as demoralizing to the democracy of England as that of Cleveland has been to that of the United States. But the millions still remain democrats, while Toryism is maintained by power and influence and the use of money. These millions, in defeat, will select leaders who truly represent them, and when next they go into combat, it will be not only to win the victory but to convert it into statute.

A Boston View.

The Boston Herald is inclined to the belief that we have no just complaint against Spain in the Alliance affair.

According to The Herald, the commander of the Spanish gunboat may have been right in firing at the American vessel. It takes the position that the gunboat would have been right in firing a solid shot into the Alliance for failing to halt after the blink shots were fired. The statement is made that our merchant vessels must submit to be searched when they are near the Cuban coast and they must prove that they are engaged in lawful business.

Perhaps this will be Mr. Cleveland's view of the matter, but it is controverted by some very respectable authorities. We went to war with England in 1812 to resist that country's alleged right to search our vessels on the high seas, and our state department holds that when an American vessel is more than three miles from the Cuban coast it cannot be interfered with by the Spaniards, nor within the three mile limit so long as Spain declares that no war exists on the island.

Brother Benedict is so well satisfied with the results of the single gold standard that he has retired on the usufruct, as it were,

our city. What is good for Europe is well enough to be considered after we accomplish all the good we can for the folks at home.

That is our mission, and notwithstanding the jeers and the criticism of interested men who are paid by office to denounce our course, we purpose to pursue the even tenor of our way, and fight for the people's rights.

The Touch of Sunshine.

The touch of sunshine which has brightened up the sky a time or two during the past week, admonishes us that the drizzly days of winter have about spent their force, and that almost before we know it the spring days will be upon us.

The period of hibernation through which we have just passed was one unparalleled in this southern latitude. Beginning with the last week of the old year, it has been a constant season of snow and rain, impeding travel, suspending all farm work, and forcing people to keep within doors anxiously awaiting the time when they might go out to turn a trade or to handle the plow.

It has been a period of rest—such, we believe, as was contemplated by Georgia's late chief justice when he penned his famous decree, "In the Matter of Rest." Under its soothing influence overworked nerves have regained their tension, the brain has been refreshed and the body feels the ennui that calls for active work as a pleasant recreation.

Soon we will see the husbandman in his fields turning mother earth and preparing for the bounteous return which recuperated nature will give him. From the fields to the cities the call to labor will be answered, and in the toll born of renewed vigor men will forget their ills and work for the return that is ahead rather than grieve over the losses left behind.

A wonderful healer is time, whose most unguent balm is the first zephyr of spring. It is a time of new birth, of renewal, of reinvigoration, when it is the privilege of all men to feel young again, and when even the wrinkled grandmother may be excused for wearing a sprig of green, or for putting a touch of color in her somber sunbonnet.

Will Rosebery Go?

Though there has been no announcement of the fact, it is generally conceded that Lord Rosebery's premiership of Great Britain and Ireland is at an end.

The struggle for Irish home rule has been merged, as many careful thinkers anticipated years ago, into the larger question of British democracy. Through the agitation which the home rulers brought to a successful issue in Irish politics, committing eighty-five out of the 103 constituencies to their cause, the campaign for home rule and popular rights has been carried successfully into Scotland and Wales, and finally into England. It was a campaign for assistance to the cause of Ireland, which developed the fact that it was really the cause of "the masses against the classes," that Englishmen as well as Irishmen, Welshmen or Scots, were equally the slaves of a system which was essentially bad, no matter from which kingdom the hand at the helm came. It was democracy against aristocracy; the many against the few.

The selection of Lord Rosebery to be the liberal leader did not please those who were looking for democratic reforms. If the sole purpose of the liberal party was to preserve the existing order of things, with the mere change that Ireland was to be ruled by Irish, then the rule of Rosebery might have been beneficial. But the democratic or radical leaders had marked out a wider field of operations; they had decreed that the house of lords had to go; that the sovereignty of man should be recognized; that government was for the people, and should not be a phyling for idle peers.

Any reform that Rosebery might have suggested would fall so far short of this radical expectation that it would have been folly for him to have led the fight. His followers want to get rid of the whole class, and it was inevitable that they should become restive under his leadership. The liberal party is now dominated by the radical element, which proposes to thunder at the gates of Windsor castle, instead of riding there bearing her majesty's command.

The resignation of Lord Rosebery will lead to a dissolution of parliament in which the conservatives will be victorious. The incubus of Rosebery has been as demoralizing to the democracy of England as that of Cleveland has been to that of the United States. But the millions still remain democrats, while Toryism is maintained by power and influence and the use of money. These millions, in defeat, will select leaders who truly represent them, and when next they go into combat, it will be not only to win the victory but to convert it into statute.

A Boston View.

The Boston Herald is inclined to the belief that we have no just complaint against Spain in the Alliance affair.

According to The Herald, the commander of the Spanish gunboat may have been right in firing at the American vessel. It takes the position that the gunboat would have been right in firing a solid shot into the Alliance for failing to halt after the blink shots were fired. The statement is made that our merchant vessels must submit to be searched when they are near the Cuban coast and they must prove that they are engaged in lawful business.

Perhaps this will be Mr. Cleveland's view of the matter, but it is controverted by some very respectable authorities. We went to war with England in 1812 to resist that country's alleged right to search our vessels on the high seas, and our state department holds that when an American vessel is more than three miles from the Cuban coast it cannot be interfered with by the Spaniards, nor within the three mile limit so long as Spain declares that no war exists on the island.

Brother Benedict is so well satisfied with the results of the single gold standard that he has retired on the usufruct, as it were,

A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

A Spring Song.
Meadows—dreamy meadows, stretchin' far away;
Tinklin' o' the dewdrops on the daisies every day;
An' the clouds are lookin' whiter, an' the sap is in the sod,
An' the sun is beamin' brighter an' is colorin' the cloud.
Singin' of the meadow-birds where wild the blossoms blow;
Fifty million roses in a perfect storm o' snow!
An' all the groves rejoicein', an' all the greenin' hills
A-lookin' glad and giddy with the rattle o' the rills!
There's a twinkle in the maples, there's a whisper in the pines,
An' the hummin' bird is huntin' for the mornin' glory vines;
There's a thrill of life pervadin' all the mountains an' the dells,
An' muslin in the breezes when the cattle shake their bells.
Oh, the country's growin' brighter, an' the world is glowin' rolls;
The sunshine's streamin' whiter through the windows of our souls;
The Lord's unlocked His storehouse, with all He's got to give,
An' if life would last forever we'd just live, an' live, an' live!
Frank L. Stanton.

If H. H. Kohlsaat goes into the newspaper business in Thomaston there will be 50,000 inhabitants in that town in less than a year, an' you'll have to ride ten miles out on a railroad before you strike a 'possum trail.

The Modern View of Him.

Teacher—Who was the boy that stood on the burning deck, Johnny?
Johnny—Feller that couldn't swim!

James Whitcomb Riley is writing a play which he will run on a royalty. The gobbles 'll git Jim 'ef he don't watch out.

May Split Rails Hereafter.

"You served two years in congress?"
"Two years."
"When do you expect to return?"
"God knows!"

A Sign of Civilization.

"We're right in line with the march of civilization," writes a Georgia editor. "The fact that our people are agitating the establishment of a steam laundry in our midst shows conclusively that we are wearing clothes now!"

The Cold Flag in the Storm.

The stars and stripes—they can hold their own.
Let the weather be cold or warm;
But the sight that touches me—makes me moan,
Is the cold flag out in the storm.

The tattered flag.
The shattered flag.
The faded flag.
The faded flag.
The faded flag.

The stars and stripes, with their whips of red,
Lash every breeze that blows!
But the cold flag, waiting to go to bed,
For it's sick of its job, Lord knows!

The tattered flag.
The shattered flag.
The faded flag.
The faded flag.
The faded flag.

The recent blizzard predicted by the signal service men failed to materialize, but they gave us the next best thing in the shop, and the rain is perfectly satisfactory.

Not Altogether Perfect.

"Major, let me introduce you to my friend, Colonel Halfshot. The colonel is a man with a record."
"Come, now," replied the colonel, pleasantly, "don't put too heavy on my record. I've missed two men in my time!"

A Georgia boy refused to draw water for his mother, and was very impertinent to her. As he was leaving the house she said to him: "Something will happen to you before night." Shortly afterwards he was savagely attacked and bitten by a dog. The boy in that community are now filling up the wells, poisoning the dogs and going to Sunday school.

A Rural Spring Note.

Now pipes the frog in the lagoon,
Now smoke the woods with fire;
The bluebird strikes a cordial tune
On the electric wire.

The color's coming to the clouds,
The fish frisk in the lakes;
And now we hear of lightning rods
And remedies for snakes.

And now in woods where wild doves are,
The yellow hammer drums;
Somebody climbs a fence afar,
And the book agent comes!

Items from Billville.

We notice that they have had a lynching out in Colorado. Imitation is the sincerest sort of flattery.

We have no ducks in Billville, but if the administration wants to enjoy a good 'possum hunt, we can furnish the game.

A subscriber asks us to define the word "perjury." Parity belongs to the presidential gender and has got claws in its hind feet.

It is springtime in Georgia, and we're enjoying the weather. When we ain

TALK OF THE TOWN.

etch.
ard bound, and
ands are glad.

the Wire Company, came into
distribution office a day of two ago,
an advertisement in The Weekly
and also in the daily, about our
and since then I have had to
two stenographers to answer the
letters received. These answers
response to two issues of the daily
of the weekly. They covered fil-
and territories, coming from as
the state of Washington, on the
had such an extensive circula-
the union."

superstitious belief causes them to try to frighten off the enemy. Against these bullets, however, red flags are useless, and in the previous encounters the Chinese have been slain like pines falling the path of a cyclone.

I expect to join the Japanese army and to the front, unless peace is declared

中環一城

library for each of these organizations. The money has been so expended. Although he has been an employer of labor for a very large extent for more than twenty years, he has never had to face a strike, nor has he ever resorted to a lockout. In all that time, he never reduced wages or extended the hours of work. All his employees have always been

today destined for Savannah, Ga., where they will go into training for the season's work. Cross, Sugden and Kinslow will be the team at Washington. The club remains in the south until the opening of the season with the Louisville club.

Candler has announced the junior
measement places as follows:
E. Hall, K. A., Griffin, W. T. Johnson,
E. Savannah; R. C. Little, P. D. T.
nton; W. A. Covington, D. T. D. Wal-
; W. H. Park, P. D. T. Macon; W.
ryman, A. T. O., Kissimmee, Fla.

them this week. Cham-
berlin, Johnson & Co.

Real Estate-Real Estate.

D. S. Broad Street.

to center of city, a
and build
wood barn, 15 in timber,
depot at Clackson,

large barn, young or
pasture, one-half
on G. C. and N.
half value \$5,000.
N. R. fine orchard,
one mile south of
city, and N. R. 860
very large lot, easy
access, large lot,
Ira street, large lot,
Hale street, 5x250, \$500.

ES-Real Estate.

Green & Matthews,
Atlanta, Ga., old we
on the premises, on
lock p. n. 30 Williams,
two-story brick dwel-
towers, 175x59 feet, barn
of the city, as well
for grocery store, al-
the blocks of the Aragon
opera house, being
minutes' of the Kim-
depot and the business
houses, Randall, Montgom-
and others. The house
corner of West promi-
which (West Harris)
blocker, water supply,
on both streets, water
pipes down and paid for
we are invited to attend this
have an opportunity to
sold. Terms perfect;
ones, one-half cash, bal-
in three months, 10% per
full particulars, plac-
& Matthews, auction-

AND RENTING.

MENT COMPANY has
office on the corner
and Walton streets,
for doing a real estate
business. Geo. W. Bryan
of the real estate de-
tentative knowledge of
rental estimated by him
treatment in that line.
He will be Captain O.
who will take charge
y in all parts of the
fourly list valuable prop-
erty. He will also man-
age the rental of houses
has charge of the rent
insures courteous
attention to all appli-
cations. He has houses to
let to list them with the
company. He will man-
age the rental of houses
has houses to rent
able in all parts of the
city. He will man-
age the rental of houses
terms for customers,
Boulevard and vicinity
will 15-35-sun-mo-ni

EASE.

HOTEL to be leased
commencing July 1, 1885.
The hotel is situated in
dormitories and is central
it is the only place
Hotel furnished, bath
and winter resort.
Columbus, Georgia Normal
College, the Georgia In-
stitution college brings
ually hundreds of visit-
ing students from the
Atlantic and Atlantic
Augusta railroads have
travelers. Every in-
furnished by the direct-
or George C. Smith, sec-
Feb 17 lit sun

FO LOAN.

\$1,000 to \$50,000, Atlanta,
any time, pay over
more, State Savings
Jan 1st

C Responsible, liber-
Kemper & Co., De-
Deane. Jan 1st

MPANY negotiates
percent on improved
real estate, standing
Broad street. Jan 1st

a loan promptly on
property. Apply to
Pryor street, Jan 2nd

S, diamonds, jewelry,
Antislavery. Henry H.
street, near Pryor
Feb 2nd

ESTATE in or near
negotiated by S. Bar-
rington. Apply to
STATE you can bor-
row want from Atlanta
Office No. 50 Gate
Jos. M. McNeish,
novil viz

within 50 miles of At-
Georgia Farm Loan
57 1/2 Whitehall street

END on real estate
No delay. Purchase
J. F. Scott, 87 Equi-
valent street, Jan 1st

END on real estate
to day. Purchase
J. F. Scott, 87 Equi-
valent street, Jan 1st

\$1,000 to \$50,000, Atlanta,
any time, pay over
more, State Savings
Jan 1st

N CITY LCANS.
cent. W. C. Davis,
State City Bank build-
ing, 100 North Pryor

to lend on Atlanta
money notes bought,
K. Gould building.

\$1,000 to \$50,000, Atlanta,
any time, pay over
more, State Savings
Jan 1st

END on real estate. Sam'l
F. Scott, 87 Equival-
ent street, Jan 1st

END on real estate, paid
purchase money notes
more, cashier Pied-
mont National bank
building, Feb 6th Sun

END on improved At-
7 1/2 and 8 per cent
Insurance Association
Company, No 13 E.
10-35-sun-tue-thur

MCHANICS' Bank-
ing, 100 North Pryor
monthly. R. H.
North Pryor street

\$1,000, \$1,000, \$2,000 and
placing on Atlanta
per cent, according
to the price of pre-
sent-paying business
Call and see us.
825 Equitable build-

\$4,000 spot good money
cent on good city
you can use it, re-
at real estate and
under street

dance money. Inman
amounts the same
erty at 6 per cent
plan. No delay.

S on city, and
cashied after regu-
and on special leg-
ation, 100 North
for Inman & Co., ex-
Alabama street.

notes and borrow
on materials at re-
call at delay. Com-
pany, Inman build-

TERRIAL.

and tiling go to
Granite Works.

thousand seconds
delivery at bargain
10-35-sun-thur

Atlanta mls. steps
granite work, place
Granite Works.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE-Real Estate.

REAL ESTATE-Vacant lots on Myrtle
street and Piedmont avenue, north At-
lanta, and 84 lots in east Atlanta, for
sale at 25 cents per acre. Some of the
houses to suit customers. George S. May,
115, West Mitchell street.

FOR SALE-30 acres 8 miles from Atlanta
on Decatur road. Good farm, residence,
dwelling, barn, fruit, land in good state
of cultivation; only \$2,500. H. H. Jackson
n. 30 Williams street.

FOR SALE-A choice lot in West End
fronting sixty feet on Ashby street and
being 300 feet deep, and is just 200 feet
from the city limits. This is a desirable
property and was taken under power of
law and will be sold cheap. Barker & Hollo-
way, 227 South Peachtree street.

DESIRABLE Atlanta home, north side,
sale or exchange; look into it. G. M.
Heidt, Bloomingdale, Ga. suns tf

FOR SALE-Small farm six miles from car-
shed, Atlanta; good dwelling, tenant and
choice holdings; would exchange for city
property. Mrs. S. E. Whitfield, 296 White-
hall street.

FOR SALE-Ten acres along two miles
from West End, Atlanta, for farm or
farm; good house. Price \$2,500. Apply to
C. K. Buzbee, P. O. box 640.

TO SUIT THE TIMES-A pretty 6-room
dwelling in West End, and water, fine
location, large lot. J. Henly Smith.

FOR SALE-Two choice elevated lots on
Myrtle street, West End. Apply to Ex-
change Office, Cherokee Marble and Gran-
ite Works.

A BARGAIN!-A rare bargain in a pretty,
new 7-room cottage near Grant Park;
choice location. See ad.

THE BEST RESIDENCE in West End at a
bargain. We have been directed to sell
this lot and make us an offer. J. C. Han-
drick, 100 North Pryor street.

**Real Estate for Sale by Mallard &
Stacy, No. 2 Equitable Building.**

SALE OR EXCHANGE, handsome 2-story,
brick house on corner of Myrtle and
corner lot 33x40; car line in front of door;
belgian block and sidewalk improvements
done. The residence is a most desirable
home from every standpoint. New, mod-
ern and in perfect condition; reception
hall, billiard room, parlors, dining hall,
side blinds; electric bells; stable and
coalhouse. We offer this at an espe-
cial bargain, viz: \$5,500, \$3,000 can remain
four years at 4% interest, balance due
\$2,000 cash and \$60 per month, or will take
desirable north side residence lot worth
from \$10,000 to \$15,000. Apply to
Mallard & Stacy, No. 2 Equitable
Building.

\$4,500 BUYS the handsomest, the most com-
plete and durable modern and elegant resi-
dence on elevated level, in 50x200 feet,
that can be bought in North Florida for
the above amount, payable \$1,000 cash,
balance \$50 per month for 60 terms if
preferred. This residence is double floored
and slated; finished in natural wood with
best of material as part of the main
wood cabinet and tile mantels; equipped
with hot and cold water on both floors;
bath, gas range, refrigerator, sink, ironing
board, speaking tubes, sliding doors, bar-
bellows, elegant gas fixtures and hard-
ware. A grand chance to get a first class
second floor. Neighborhood the best,
convenient to three car lines. We invite
those who are desiring to invest their money
to call and finish. To see this place is to
buy it. Mallard & Stacy, No. 2 Equitable
Building.

JACKSON STREET-A chance to buy an
elegant sixty-foot lot in the pretti-
est street improvement now being done;
nicely shaded; graded for and ready for
building, and is a perfect gem for a home.
This is a great opportunity to acquire
this at the sacrifice price of \$2,500. We
must sell, and it will pay you to act quick-
ly. Apply to Mallard & Stacy, No. 2
Equitable Building.

INVESTMENT-The improvements that
are now being made on Pryor street will
bring about a greater increase in values
than anywhere else in the city. Those who
are offering a corner, one-half mile from
the Kimball house, 106 feet front with an
extraordinary depth of 100 feet, are bound
to suit the purchaser; will sell either or
both. Apply to Mallard & Stacy, No. 2
Equitable Building.

WEST HARRIS STREET, less than quar-
ters of a mile from carshed, a 7-room
cottage on corner lot; gas, water, bath,
etc.; this week we have a big sale of
cherry; street improvements all
down. We offer this place for \$1,500; rea-
sonable business proposition. Apply to
get a most desirable home in an estab-
lished neighborhood within a few minutes'
walk to business. Apply to Mallard &
Stacy, No. 2 Equitable building.

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?-A home,
a vacant lot, an interest-paying investment,
a loan on a tract of land, or a piece of
real talk and with us. We cannot adver-
tise everything, but we assure you that
what we do look up to is the best. The
real estate line from a \$100 lot to a \$100,000
store property we can make it to your in-
terest. Consult our prices. We are glad
to have had the opportunity of
making your acquaintance and trying.
Mallard & Stacy, No. 2 Equitable
Building.

D. Morrison, 47 E. Hunter Street.

12-ACRE DAIRY farm near the new water-
works. Land in this section is worth
\$125 per acre, and is very rich soil, ad-
vantage to Washington, D. C., and must have
cash, and will sell for \$130.

MONEY to loan at 6, 7 and 8 per cent.

35 1/2 ACRES on the Flat Shoals road, six
miles from the city, for sale at \$100
per acre.

R. H. and Hall, Lot 52x100, near Mc-
Daniel street and the E. T. shops. This
little home is easily worth \$1,200, but I
offer this week for sale at a sacrifice
very easy at the low price of \$800. Rail-
road men see this soon; it is a snap.

R. H., on nice corner lot, 50x150, in South
Atlanta. Must be sold this week and will
sell for \$1,200.

PEACHTREE PARK is only 8 miles from
center of the city by railroad and only 7
by wagon road, and land in the park is
worth \$250 per acre. It is a beautiful place
there with 1,600 feet R. R. front; 4+ r. h.,
and fine garden and orchard which I
will sell this week for four-fifths cash
at the low price of \$1,700.

PLEASE CALL at my office and I will
take pleasure in showing you a fine list
of homes, all for sale on easy terms.
If you wish to plan, let me know, and I
few that must be sold at once.

R. H., lot 30x35, Woodward ave., \$700.

R. H., fine, high lot, McDonald St., \$900.

R. H., lot 25x100, Fair st., \$1,000.

We R. H., choice lot 50x114, Pearl st., \$1,500.

R. H.</

COLD DID IT

WHAT TO DO

FOR MICROBES

Truck Gardens Are from Three to Four Weeks Behind.

FARMERS HAVE SUFFERED HEAVY LOSSES

We Are Exceedingly Short on All Kinds of Garden "Vegetables" - Talks on the Situation.

Spring gardening, by reason of the cold snap during the snow and the excess of rainy weather, is from three to four weeks behind, and the home supply of vegetables is far behind.

This lateness is being felt in the grocery stores, and the demands from customers have exceeded the supply by shipments. In the spring fresh vegetables are demanded on the tables, and in many instances home gardens furnish ample supplies.

Those truck farmers in Fulton county who were anticipating an early spring and had planted according to the season have suffered heavy losses. One truck farmer reports a loss of not less than \$1,000. The loss on many of the truck gardens has been from \$200 to \$500 in actual loss from the freeze. By actual loss is meant the vegetables that were planted out or were under glass preparatory to setting out, which were killed.

There is to be considered the loss of three or four weeks' time in getting in a second crop. In such vegetables as lettuce, spinach and kale there is a great scarcity. These are now four weeks behind, and it will probably be another week before the ground can be conditioned. Turnips were completely ruined by the cold snap and will require another planting. These are the garden "kisses" which are always in great demand. The retail grocers say that canned goods are in increased demand because of the shortage in green vegetables. Radishes, onion, beets, carrots, English peas and asparagus are all on the list of related vegetables. The radishes that are now found on the market are spongy and lack the firmness that the fresh ones of the home supply are superior in.

Irish potatoes will be thrown behind fully a month. The plants should be well along under the ground by now, while instead it will be some days before there can be any planting of Irish potatoes. Irish potatoes are in great demand and new ones coming good point this is one of the most important sources of loss.

As to corn, it is not likely that even the earliest will be much behind in north Georgia. In south Georgia the early corn has been through the ground and the strawberries will suffer, as the proper attention could not be given the vines during the unprecedented bad weather.

The outlook appears to be hopeful, however, at present, and planting will begin in earnest after this week.

Mr. A. P. Stewart Talks.

No one takes more real pride in farming and truck gardening than does Tax Collector A. P. Stewart. He runs a truck garden for pleasure, as well as profit, and keeps right up with every season. He makes a specialty of the strawberries and garden "kisses."

"I should judge," said Mr. Stewart, "that the gardens are not less than three or four weeks behind. There is a loss of money in from \$5 to \$10 a week. The loss involved in the cold snap delay. It is not all a loss of time."

"I presume that my loss has been about \$500. Usually my garden is bringing me from \$5 to \$10 a week. The loss involved in the cold snap delay. It is not all a loss of time. The output for this year will not be so great as that of last year. A safe estimate would place the loss sustained by the farmers in Fulton county at \$5,000."

"Lettuce, kale, spinach, radishes and such vegetables are three or four weeks behind, and even the lettuce under glass was killed in many instances. The cold snap and snow rather encouraged us, and we thought that we should be safe in going ahead. Then the heavy rains put the ground out of the ground, and I've just been holding my hands waiting for decent weather and hoping for the best."

A Grocerman Talks of Vegetables.

"Vegetables are always in demand in the spring," said a retail grocerman. "We can't fill the orders now, though. All the truck gardens have been behind about a month behind on account of the cold weather. Canned vegetables are having an increased sale on this account. People want fresh vegetables from the nearest market and prefer home supplies."

GEORGE HOWARD CAUGHT.

And a Man Was Saved from Suffering Last Night.

"Hello, there! Stop, George Howard, I say. I want to see you a moment. You know that last ton of coal you sent me? Well, it's the best I ever saw. I want you would send me around two tons this afternoon—it is getting so cold. I am about out of coal, and I've just been thinking of your coal. It's the coal that suits me better than any other."

Yes, said Mr. Howard, "I'll send it out, and I want to say you are just the kind of fellow I like. You are a good fellow, and I am glad that it gives satisfaction."

AT BOCAS DEL TORO.

A Schooner Belonging to the Rebels

Mobile, Ala., March 16.—The Register to-day received per the steamship Jarl the following letter from its correspondent at Bocas del Toro:

"Bocas del Toro, March 16.—One man, a soldier, died today. He had been expected several more would die. They are being given all possible attention. The child and its mother, who were shot during the battle, are doing as well as can be expected. All the dead were buried on yesterday afternoon."

"A small schooner belonging to the rebels was captured yesterday. Seventy-five Remington rifles and several thousand cartridges were found. The men in command of the schooner jumped overboard and swam to shore. The boat is now anchored safely near the barracks. The rebels bringing no more extra men, and they have been gaining reinforcements on their arrival in Bocas. For some unknown reason their forces did not join them, hence their defeat. The prisoners are in their feet in stocks and are confined in the barracks."

"The steamer Premier arrived this afternoon from Colon, but brought no soldiers. Few of the men who made the attack were from Colombia. It is supposed they were a band of professional thieves bent on pillage and plunder, under command of Garza."

"The rebels made a thrust to return and burn the city. They have put in no appearance yet, as they are very few in number and the Atlanta's force on land had a good effect."

—Mr. Charles Mobley, for a number of years in the Atlanta postoffice, has been promoted from the position of distributing clerk to a clerkship in Assistant Postmaster Maddox's office.

WHAT TO DO

FOR MICROBES

A Texas Florist Discovered What Scientists Could Not.

DISEASE IS FERMENTATION

Microbes the Cause, and to Cure

All Diseases You Must

Kill the Germs.

RADAM RIVALS PASTEUR

An Antiseptic Gas Harmless to Human Life but Death to Microbes.

DISCOVERED AMID FLOWERS

The Gas Saved the Life of the Inventor—Now It Is Saving the Lives of Thousands.

Twenty-five years ago William Radam, a young man then twenty-five years old, landed in New York. He was a German and could not speak English. He had been a soldier in the German army and later had been in the employ of Emperor William in the imperial gardens, Bellevue.

There he had learned, as only Germans can learn, how to care for flowers and plants. When he landed in America, he was a poor man, but he had a great knowledge of the cultivation of flowers and trees as a business.

He began in Austin, Tex., and in a few years became one of the leading florists in the city. He was a great success, and his business grew rapidly. He had a great knowledge of the cultivation of flowers and trees as a business.

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OLD HOMESTEADS.

General Sherman Prevented Atlanta from Having Too Many of Them.

ONLY A SCATTERED FEW NOW REMAIN

The Kottz Place, on Marietta Street, Is an Old Landmark.

COLONEL ADAIR'S HOME AT WEST END

The Calico House, the Old High School Building, the Angier House and the Governor's Mansion.

The typical old southern homestead is not as familiar to the present, as it was to the past generation.

Only a few of these princely abodes of hospitality are now left, and perhaps, in a few years, the last of them will be gone. To these old southern homes will be remembered only as a lost art. It is not without a sigh of regret on the part of those who remember the mirth and manners that once reigned in these old homes to see them now slowly crumbling under the touch of time without leaving an heir, so to speak, to hand down their names to posterity.

If Atlanta's comparative youth is not a sufficient reason for her lack of these old homes, it is found in the additional fact that when General Sherman left the city in smoke and ashes, to which condition his lightning bolts had reduced it, there were scarcely as many as twenty-five old homesteads that were left, in the midst of the burning embers, to tell of his compassion. Even these were devoted to their greener and the cedars that stood in regimental pomp about these buildings, as if to shield their inmates from all harm, were either burned to the ground or left standing like so many sentinels only to render the scene more frightful and appalling.

Among these relics of General Sherman's historic march that survived the war several have since been torn down and others have been remodeled in such a way as to destroy their original character. This leaves only a small number that preserve, in their venerable looks and distinctively ante-bellum style of architecture, the recollections of the old Atlanta that has since been supplanted by the beautiful young citadel of the new south.

Just after the war.

It is estimated that nearly five thousand buildings were destroyed by the federal army. This number, of course, included many elegant homes, owned by the prosperous and well-to-do citizens of Atlanta who had cast their lots in her midst years before and who had commenced to accumulate a competence when the war broke out. Among these were such men as Dr. Joseph P. Logan, Thomas M. Clark, J. E. Williams, David Mayer, M. Cole, D. H. Dougherty, John Keely, J. C. Peck, E. H. Rawley, Dr. J. P. Alexander, J. M. Holbrook, Albert Bellinger, R. F. Power, Dr. Lawrence, A. C. and B. F. Wyle, I. O. McDonald, William Hanley, A. B. Forsyth, Jonathan Norcross, S. B. Hoyt, and many others whose names are not recalled.

Among the buildings in the center of the city that escaped the flames were the Catholic church and the buildings and churches in its immediate neighborhood. General Sherman, being himself a devout Catholic, gave orders to his men not to destroy the church nor to endanger it by setting fire to any of the buildings in the vicinity. The old Atlanta Medical college was spared through the intercessions of Dr. D'Alvigny, one of Atlanta's most distinguished ante-bellum physicians. Hardly a single business house was spared, and churches, hotels, schoolhouses and private dwellings were alike devoted to the flames. The buildings that escaped the torch were left standing either by reason of the torch's failure to do its work or else because they were used as headquarters by the officers of the invading army.

Among the buildings that stood through the war were the Leyden house, the Howard headquarters, the Glen residence on the corner of Peachtree and Cain, directly opposite the governor's mansion; the Alexander home further down the street, and the McKinley place on West Peachtree street, occupied before the war by Colonel George W. Adair.

In addition to these the old Calico house, now owned by Dr. Warnock on Courtland avenue, the Kottz place on Marietta street, the Angier homestead on Mitchell street, used by General Sherman for his headquarters, the old high school building on the corner of Mitchell and Washington streets, and the Rawson place on Pryor street were likewise standing. The old high school building was occupied before the war by Judge R. P. Lyon, who was then on the supreme bench. It was afterwards seized by General Sherman and converted into headquarters. The Kottz place on Marietta street was used as headquarters successively by Generals Pope, Meade and Terry.

The Kottz Homestead.

The old Kottz homestead, on Marietta street, is one of the historic buildings of the city. It is a plain brick structure, and borders the sidewalk without display or grassy intervention. The front opens upon the street and the windows admit the light on either side. It was erected in 1824, by Mr. Christian Kottz, the father of Mr. A. L. Kottz and Judge E. C. Kottz, and has stood a silent witness of the order and expansion for more than forty years. During the bombardment of the city two shells struck the house, one exploded on the roof and the other breaking through the walls. It was only by a miraculous interposition that Mr. A. L. Kottz, who was then a small boy, was saved a violent death. His mother had just taken him from the room that he usually slept in when a shell exploded on the roof. Mr. Kottz had quite a number of half-brothers and sisters during the war, and a plain, simple narrative of his adventures, without fictitious coloring, would possess all the richness and flavor of a genuine romance. The house was preserved by the coolness of Mrs. Kottz's grandmother, who refused to leave it in spite of the order of General Sherman. Her courage may, no doubt, have been the reason for General

Sherman's decision not to destroy it. Subsequently the house was converted into a martial homestead and was used as headquarters by the federal generals already named.

After the re-occupation of the city the scattered household was again collected under the roof. The house has since remained in the possession of the Kottz family.

Colonel George Adair's Home.

The home of Colonel George W. Adair, in West End, is one of the old landmarks of the city. It was completed in the spring of 1865, the erection having started in the fall of 1863. Three years before this Colonel Adair had put up a beautiful home on the same spot. It was destroyed, however, by General Sherman. Prior to the war Colonel Adair lived for several years on West Peachtree street in what is now the old McKinley place. The home of Colonel Adair in West End is one of the most delightful suburban retreats near the city. It is built in the old southern style, and is surrounded by a spacious lawn, shaded by an exquisite foliage. From the front veranda of this ideal home the spires and turrets of the city are distinctly visible and the prospect is one that is charming to the eye. For nearly thirty years Colonel Adair has lived at this place, and his children have grown up under the trees that shade the ample lawn.

The Collier Place.

The old Collier place, on Nelson street, directly facing the bridge, is another

LOCAL VOCAL CLUB

Atlanta Vocal Society Best Musical Organization Atlanta Has Ever Had.

THE CLUB HAS MANY ACTIVE MEMBERS

Some of the Most Prominent People in the City Are Identified with It—How It Came Into Life.

Among Atlanta's numerous organizations there is none more interesting in its way than the Atlanta Vocal Society.

The society has been appearing before the public during the present season, and something about its work may prove of interest.

For some reason or other, musical associations in Atlanta have never been continuously prosperous. Numerous attempts have been made to establish a permanent organization of this nature, but they have never been crowned with lasting success. The experience of those undertaking the work has almost invariably been that the enthusiasm attendant upon the inception of the movement has failed when put to the test of laborious study and continuous effort.

But there have been in Atlanta musical societies of a high order, and many people

recall with pleasure the work done by them. Among these of the earlier days may be mentioned the Mozart, the Rossini and the Beethoven Societies. The membership lists of these organizations bore the names of many of the most prominent men and women of the city, and their renditions of their "singing days" are exceedingly pleasant.

Later came the Atlanta Musical Association, in which Mr. Sumner Salter was a leading spirit, the Polyphonia and the Choral Union.

The Choral Union, the last of these societies in point of time, was organized some four years ago. It was composed of about sixty singers, and did some really creditable work. Mr. Isaac Mayer was for a time director, succeeded by Mr. A. M. Burbank, under whom the Union gave several concerts. At one of these the "Messiah" was sung, miscellaneous numbers composing the other programmes.

But the Union went the way of its temporal predecessors. It never really disbanded; but, having adjourned for its Christmas holiday, it failed to reunite.

Last fall a number of music loving gentlemen, desirous of seeing a musical society formed on a sound basis, met and discussed the matter.

That a city of Atlanta's size and pretensions to culture should have within its gates not a single musical association, seemed strange. And that, too, which is a well-known fact, that there is in the city a very good proportion of people of cultivated musical taste, as well as a musical inclination.

Other cities and towns not half Atlanta's size boast of their choral societies and musical organizations.

And the gentlemen interested in the matter saw no valid reason why this city should not have one.

There was a canvass made of the available talent of the city, the outcome of which was the agreement of about fifty persons to become members of the proposed society. Mr. A. M. Burbank, to whom no more thoroughly equipped musician could have been selected, was chosen director. It was deemed wise to put the business affairs and general management of the society in the hands of a staff of officers and Hon. Porter King was unanimously elected president. The other gentlemen elected were: Mr. F. M. Fremont, vice president; Mr. C. P. Byrd, secretary and treasurer. The idea of forming an associate membership was developed at once. It was realized that many of Atlanta's very best citizens who are lovers of the divine art, either do not sing themselves or are unable to attend rehearsals. So it was decided to invite such persons and all others interested to become associate members.

In a circular letter sent out by President King setting forth the objects and aims of the society, he said:

"The plan adopted has been to invite for associate membership such cultivated citizens as it is believed will be prepared to enjoy high-grade music, and those who wish to encourage and foster such an institution as the Atlanta Vocal Society in our midst."

There was a generous response, and the list of associate members contains the names of some of Atlanta's most representative citizens. The charge for associate membership was nominal—\$3 for the season, yet each subscriber to two admissions to each of the three concerts which the society agreed to give. No tickets were to be sold to others than associate members.

Two of these concerts have been given already, and the date of the third has not yet been fixed. The first occurred at the Young Men's Christian Association hall, on which occasion the society gave Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise"—Lobpreisang.

This was repeated at a concert given shortly after, under the Young Men's Christian Association management.

The society's second concert was given in conjunction with Miss Marie Louise

Bailey, pianist, at the Grand. The affair was under the auspices of the Fryer & Bradley company.

The society will participate in the music

festival next week. Among the numbers to be sung are "Gloria," from Mozart's Twelfth Mass; "Inflammatus," "Hallelujah," from the "Messiah," march from "Tannhauser," and a quartet and chorus from Victor Herbert's "Prince Ananias."

That the active members enjoy thoroughly their weekly meetings and rehearsals, there is no question. They sing for singing's sake. There is a strong esprit de corps, and the effort of the society is to make of itself an institution of which Atlanta may be proud, and which will have a permanent place among her organizations.

The active members are:

Miss Mamie Berkeley, Miss Mabel Byrd, Miss Lillian Clark, Miss Edwina Crosby, Mrs. C. M. Carpenter, Mrs. Belle C. Dyke, Mrs. Jennie H. Hill, Mrs. A. T. Holly, Miss Annie Howard, Mrs. Howell C. Jackson, Mrs. Cora Jones, Miss Elizabeth King, Miss Jennie Means, Miss Leo Morehead, Mrs. William J. Nourse, Mrs. Joe Richardson, Miss Gena Reedy, Miss Beale Service, Miss M. L. Stevenson, Miss Thos. J. Thomas, Miss Clara Werner, Mrs. F. J. Wingfield.

CONTRALTOS.

Miss Jennie Anderson, Miss May Anderson, Mrs. C. P. Beddingfield, Mrs. L. I. Burbank, Mrs. S. M. Burbank, Miss Jimmie Louise Eyr, Miss Elizabeth F. Cole, Miss Nellie Dibble, Mrs. W. P. Davis, Miss Grace Gardner, Mrs. T. L. Jones, Mrs. F. J. Nourse, Mrs. M. E. O'Brien, Miss Alice Orr, Miss Dora Pelligrini, Miss J. Wingfield.

THE CHORAL UNION.

Mr. Isaac Mayer, Mr. A. M. Burbank, Mr. J. W. Smith, Mr. George W. Stewart, Mr. C. P. Turner.

Mr. W. S. Ansley, Mr. D. P. Brisbane, Mr. C. P. Byrd, Mr. S. H. Cole, Mr. J. M. Cooper, Dr. A. W. Davidson, Mr. George H. Harrison, Mr. William C. King, Mr. D. McLeod, Parkhurst, Mr. C. M. Rathbone, Mr. N. E. Sargent, Mr. J. G. Scrutcher, Mr. B. S. Sharp, Mr. J. W. Smith, Mr. George W. Stewart, Mr. C. P. Turner.

Mr. C. W. Ansley, Mr. E. H. Barnes, Mr. S. M. Burbank, Mr. P. C. Coulter, Mr. J. D. Couch, Mr. H. S. Cole, Mr. F. M. Fremont, Mr. W. H. Glenn, Mr. J. W. Martin, Mr. T. L. Jennings, Mr. J. W. Martin, Mr. Edgar F. Morgan, Mr. A. A. Morrell, Mr. G. P. Neigold, Mr. E. H. Orr, Mr. E. S. Pigott, Mr. W. S. Putnam, Mr. H. L. Smith, Mr. Frank Wheat, Mr. J. A. Wright.

Mr. Joseph Maclean, the accompanist, is a musician of unusual ability. He is principal of the music department of the Agnes Scott Institute, and is also a member of the Baptist church. To his skill much of the success and pleasure of the society's work are due.

A sketch of the society would be incomplete without a tribute to Mr. A. M. Burbank, a very efficient work as director, a conscientious and painstaking to a degree, and is constantly active in the interests of the organization. He makes personal inquiries in regard to absentees and keeps himself thoroughly informed upon all matters pertaining to the society's welfare. He has been very largely instrumental in placing it upon its present basis, and he deserves the thanks of every music loving person in the city for his untiring efforts in so doing.

Next season the Atlanta Vocal Society expects to be prepared to give some very high-class concerts. It also hopes and expects to have more than tripled this season's number of associate members.

It is Atlanta's privilege to see it do both.

Out in the Cold.

Political candidates may be unexpectedly left out in the cold when the returns come in, but perhaps the most unfortunate of all is the case of the man who is left out in the cold by the weather.

Twenty-five dollars to the person being the means of my getting a position. Experienced office and salesman. Good references. S. A. M., Rome, Ga., No. 93, Avenue A.

Returns Today.

Mr. John W. Hughes, the popular furnisher on Peachtree street, will arrive from the east today, where he has been purchasing a superb line of pants' furnishings. He is a superb dresser of pants' furnishings. He is a superb dresser of pants' furnishings. He is a superb dresser of pants' furnishings.

You Must Entertain.

Your friends during the exposition. Get ready for it by buying your furniture at prices from T. J. PAMERO & CO., 81 and 83 Peachtree Street.

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MUNYON'S SIMON & FROHSIN

FURNISHES THE PROOF.

Unimpeachable Evidence That His Remedies Do Cure Disease.

General A. B. Catlin, formerly deputy surveyor of the port of New York, is a veteran of the army and a well-known republican politician. He says: "For years I suffered from catarrh. This winter my condition was terrible. I consulted many well-known specialists, but failed to obtain any relief until I used Munyon's Catarrh Cures. They completely restored me to health."

Dr. George F. Brooks, 15 Tremont street, Cambridgeport, Mass., says: "I use Munyon's Remedies extensively in my practice. I have never seen any medicines that cure so quickly and thoroughly."

Dr. E. R. Barnes, 1238 West avenue, Buffalo, says: "A patient of mine was a great sufferer from dyspepsia. My remedies afforded him but little relief, but since taking Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure he has entirely recovered."

If space permitted, hundreds of testimonials could be printed for those who have been cured of Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs and Colds, and all forms of nervous disorders.

Munyon's Remedies act almost instantly, speedily curing the most obstinate cases. Rheumatism cured in from one to three days. Dyspepsia and all stomach troubles quickly relieved. Catarrh positively cured. Headache cured in five minutes. Nervous diseases promptly cured. Coughs and Colds effectually cured, and Kidney troubles, Piles, Neuritis, and all Female Complaints quickly cured. These remedies are sold by all druggists mostly for 25c per vial. Munyon's Vitalizer imparts new life and vigor to weak and debilitated men. Price, \$1.

Those who are in doubt as to the nature of their disease should address Professor Munyon, 1565 Arch street, Philadelphia, giving full symptoms of their disease. Professor Munyon will carefully diagnose the case and give you the benefit of his advice absolutely free of all charge. The remedies will be sent to any address on receipt of retail price.

ESTABLISHED IN 1857.

PETER LYNCH

45 Whitehall and 7 Mitchell streets, and branch store at 301 Peters street, in addition to his large and varied stock, is now receiving direct supply of season's goods, such as clover, orchard, blue and red top grass seeds, garden seeds, all kinds of watermelon and cantaloupe seeds, and other hardware, guns and pistols, cartridges and ammunition of all kinds, and other varieties of goods, too numerous to mention here. He keeps up the old style. Whenever you fail to find anything, be sure and come to his place, and you will be very apt to find it. All of the above varieties are to be found at his store on Whitehall and 7 Mitchell streets.

The usual supply of fine wines, ales, beers, porters, brandies, and all the usual varieties of liquors, for medicinal and beverage purposes, are to be found at his Whitehall store.

A perfect variety store at each place. All orders, accompanied with the cash, filled promptly and at reasonable prices. On hand a good lot of Arctic and rubber over-shoes and rubber boots for the cold and bad weather.

Just received, 600 pounds fresh and genuine codfish.

3 Pairs for 25c

Ladies' Swiss ribbed Vest, tape in neck and sleeves. 10c

Infants' all silk Vest, long sleeves, a great bargain. At 25c

43 Whitehall St.

Gentlemen:

Look at your Clothes! Have you stopped to think that they are threadbare and out of style; that you need a new Spring Suit; that now is the time to place your order. Why wear ill-fitting, poorly made, unfashionably cut, ready-made Clothes when you can have one made to order for

\$20.00

At this price we give you choice of two hundred styles embracing all the latest and most fashionable weaves and patterns, in Worsters, Cheviots and Cassimeres. At this price we guarantee you perfect fitting, well made, fashionably cut garments, trimmed in the very best possible manner.

Our line of Trousers is the largest and most complete in the city, and at prices to suit all.

Samples and easy rules for self-measurement mailed free on application to any part of the country.

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Ladies' Silk Waists.

Ladies' Silk Waists, latest spring styles, worth \$4.00 At \$2.75

Ladies' Percale Waists, fast colors, at.....25c

Ladies' Percale Waists, starched collar and cuffs.....At 40c

Ladies' Silk Belts, with metal buckles, will not tarnish, At 25c

Corsets.

SPECIAL—50 dozen of the celebrated M. C. Corsets, made of French coutille with satin straps, extra long waist, worth \$1.00.....This week at 50c

W. B. Corsets in all lengths and qualities.

Nursing Corsets in gray and white, worth \$1.00..... At 75c

The Latest Novelty! Yellow Gloves with black embroidery, just received.

Real French kid Gloves, black and all colors, with large pearl buttons or Foster hooks, fitted and warranted..... At \$1.00

Kayser's all silk Gloves, black or colors, with double finger tips, At 50c

Hosiery Bargains.

Children's full regular made Hose double heel and toes, Hermsdorf's fast black, all sizes.....10c

Ladies' seamless Hose, dropstitch, worth 20c..... At 12-1-2c

Ladies' French Lisle Hose, Hermsdorf's fast black, plain or Richelieu ribbed, worth 40c.....At 25c

Men's seamless fast black Halfhose, 3 Pairs for 25c

Ladies' Swiss ribbed Vest, tape in neck and sleeves.....10c

Infants' all silk Vest, long sleeves, a great bargain.....At 25c

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Radway's Ready Relief is safe, reliable and effective because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inducing a renewed and increased vigor of the assimilating vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the **CAUSE** of the PAIN is given away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the **READY RELIEF** is so admirably adapted for the **CURE OF PAIN**, and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

Is Highly Important that Every Family Keep a Supply of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the Ready Relief.

STOPS PAIN

60 cents a bottle. Sold by druggists. **RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.**

FOR EVERY MAN, ONLY \$1.



W. H. PARKER, M. D., 14 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass. THE MOST EMINENT SPECIALIST IN AMERICA. Established in 1892. Chief consulting physician of the Peabody Medical Institute, to whom are referred all the cases of the National Medical Association for the PRIZE MEDAL on Exhausted Vitality, Agedness, Nervous and Physical Debility, near Blindness and Weakness of the eyes, the young, the middle-aged and old. Consultation in person or by letter. Prescriptions, with testimonials, Large bottle, 50c. Small bottle, 25c. **FREE** or Self-Preservation, the price only, 25c. per 120 invaluable prescriptions for acute and chronic diseases. Full size only \$1.00 double sealed.

MILLER'S SPRING DERBY

Has created a sensation among the young and dressy men.

No other hat approaches it in style and none excels it in quality.

A.O. M. Gay & Son

Sole Agents, Atlanta.

Perfect Health.

Keep the system in perfect order by the occasional use of **TUTT'S Liver Pills**. They regulate the bowels and produce

A Vigorous Body. For sick headache, malaria, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases, an absolute cure **TUTT'S Liver Pills**

ODD CHAIRS.

Our one hundred and forty-seven Chair and Rocker "ad." last week have dwindled down, but some of the best ones are left. Prices are no object on the odd pieces, as we must close them out. Now, if you want an odd chair for the hall, or a rocker for the sitting room, come and see if any of these will suit. Auction prices will buy them. **Chamberlin, Johnson & Co.**

NOTICE

TO BUILDERS!

A LOT OF MARBELIZED

IRON MANTELS

WITH GRATES,

NEARLY AS GOOD AS NEW,

Price \$2.50.

A bargain for any one building cheap houses.

Apply to **JOHN A. FITTEN.**

see the other

MEETINGS.

The State Board of Pharmacy meets in Atlanta in the Capitol at 9 a. m., 18th instant, to examine candidates for druggist, apothecary and pharmacist's license. For further particulars address: **DR. HENRY R. SLACK, Secretary,** Mar 3 at the sun LaGrange.

Parties desiring information as to fishing and hunting in Florida should write **W. W. Wrentham, passenger traffic manager Plant system, Savannah, Ga.**

TABERNALE TALK

Methodist.

First Methodist church, corner Peachtree and Houston streets, Rev. John R. Robinson, pastor.—Preaching at 11 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m., by the pastor, Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Class meeting 3:30 p. m. Seats free. Strangers specially invited.

Trinity church, corner Trinity avenue and Whitehall streets, R. J. Bligham, pastor.—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m., W. A. Henshall, superintendent. Preaching at 11 a. m., by the pastor. At night at 7:30 Rev. J. T. Gibson will preach. Dr. Gibson is honored and beloved as the presiding elder of the LaGrange district.

Marlietta street Methodist Episcopal church.—The pastor, Rev. R. H. Robb, will preach at 11 a. m. Mrs. Richards will represent the work of the Good Templars at 3 p. m. and 7:30 p. m.

St. Paul Methodist Episcopal church, south, corner East Hunter and Hill streets, Rev. W. W. Brinsfield, pastor.—Preaching at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., by the pastor. Sabbath school at 9:30. Class meeting at 3 p. m. Epworth League, Monday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Payne's Memorial, W. L. Wooten pastor.—Sermon at 11 a. m.—"Commerce of Life and Death." At 7:30 p. m.—"Life in Unity." Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Young people's meeting at 2:30 p. m. Class meeting at 4 o'clock p. m. Epworth League, Wednesday night at 7:30 p. m. All meetings open to the public.

Merritt avenue church.—Preaching at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., by the pastor, Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. E. H. Frazer, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

Baptist.

First Baptist church, Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D. D., pastor.—Preaching at 11 a. m., by the pastor. Subject, "Christ's Picture of a Rich Fool." No service at night. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Second Baptist church.—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m., by the pastor, Dr. Henry McDonald, and services at night at 7:30. Young men's prayer meeting every Monday night at 7:30, and regular church prayer meeting on Wednesday nights at 7:30 o'clock.

Fifth Baptist church, corner of Bell and Gilmer streets, Rev. C. V. Donaldson, D. D., pastor.—Preaching at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Fred L. Allen and W. H. McClain, superintendents. Prayer and praise service Wednesday night. Society of Christian Endeavor, Tuesday night. Public cordially invited to all these services. Baptism at the close of the evening service.

Sixth Baptist church, corner Manum and West Hunter streets, Rev. A. C. Ward, pastor.—Preaching at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. M. Perryman, superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. All cordially invited.

Central Baptist church, corner West Fair and Peachtree streets, Rev. J. L. D. D., pastor.—Preaching at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Professor L. M. Landrum, superintendent. Young People's Union meets at 3 p. m., and the usual exercises through the week.

Glenn street Baptist church, corner Glenn and Smith streets.—Preaching morning and evening by the pastor, Rev. J. L. Oxford. Sunday school at 9:30 p. m. M. O'Byrne, superintendent. The ordination of Brother H. E. Hadaway will take place at 3 p. m. All invited to come.

East Atlanta Baptist church.—Preaching morning and evening by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

Presbyterian.

First Presbyterian church, Marietta street, Rev. E. H. Barnett, D. D., pastor. Divine services at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock a. m. All are cordially invited.

Central Presbyterian church, Washington street, Rev. G. B. Strickler, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school meets at 9:30 a. m. Professor W. W. Lumsden, superintendent; Charles D. Montgomery and Charles W. Otley, assistants. Regular weekly prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Young men's prayer meeting on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

The Pryor Street Presbyterian chapel Sunday school will meet at 3 p. m. at the corner of Vassar and Pryor streets, J. W. Selby, superintendent. All are cordially invited to attend. Religious services every Sunday and Friday at 7:30 p. m.

Edgewood mission will meet at 3 p. m. near Pearl street and Georgia railroad. Services every Sunday and Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. All are welcome. J. C. Dayton, superintendent. John J. Egan, assistant.

Wallace Fifth Presbyterian church, corner Fair and Walnut streets, Rev. Robert A. Bowman, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school will meet at 9:30 a. m. All are welcome. W. D. Beattie, superintendent.

The Barnett Presbyterian church, corner Marietta and Hamilton streets, Rev. L. E. Davis, pastor. Sabbath services at 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sabbath school 10 a. m. and 8:15 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 7:15. A cordial welcome to all.

Episcopal.

The cathedral (St. Philip's church), corner Washington and Hunter streets, Rev. Albion W. Knight, dean. Holy communion at 7:30 a. m. and 12 m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11 a. m. Evening prayer and sermon at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 9:45 a. m. Seats all free. Ushers in attendance. Public cordially invited.

St. Luke's church. Holy communion at 7:30 o'clock a. m. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Morning prayer, Litany and sermon at 11 a. m. Evening prayer and sermon at 7:30 p. m. All the services will be conducted by Rev. Charles F. Sturges, of Milledgeville, Ga. Seats free. All cordially invited.

Christian Science.

Church of Christ (Scientist), second floor of the Grand, Peachtree street. Divine services at 10:45 a. m. and Sunday school at 11:30. Meeting on Wednesday at 10 o'clock a. m. for the study of the Bible, and Friday at 3 p. m. for the study of the International Sunday school lesson. All are cordially invited.

Congregational.

Central Congregational church, Ellis, near Peachtree, Rev. R. V. Atkinson, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Subjects, morning, "Excused." Evening, "No Room for Christ." Young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:45 p. m. Seats free and all are cordially invited to attend.

Unitarian.

Church of Our Father, Church and Forsyth streets, William R. Cole, minister. Morning service at 11 a. m. Subject of discourse, "New Experiences." Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are invited to attend.

Associate Reform.

Associated Reformed Presbyterian church Whitehall, near Humphries. At 10 a. m. Sunday school, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Kelly. Prayer meeting Friday at 1:30 p. m.

Universalist.

Services at Pythian hall, Alabama and Forsyth streets, Rev. O. H. Shinn will preach at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. H.

AT MILLER BROS.

D. H. DOUGHERTY'S OLD STAND.

Our Wilderness of Merchandise is Moving with the Storm and Rapidity of the Nineteenth Century. Up-to-Date Ideas and Modern Prices Prevail. Two Hundred and Fifty Cases of Dress Goods from the Trade Centers of the Earth Opened up Last Week.

Silk Department.

Additional arrivals from the Orient to our already complete collection.

\$2.25 Printed Pelesee at \$1.60, in all the leading shades.

\$1.25 Crepons tomorrow for 77c.

A pretty line of Crepons in black, white and colors for 38c per yard. They are beauties.

10 pieces of Crepe de Chines, in stripes and figures, the very thing for Shirt Waists, perfectly new, others ask you \$1.25 for them, they are yours if you get here in time for 85c.

20 pieces of Duchesse Satin, ranging in price from \$2.50 per yard to 75c, marked half price to close them out.

Handsome line of Wash Silks, in light and dark colors, 32c per yard.

Black China Silk 25c per yard.

3 more pieces of that \$1.25 Faillie Silk for 75c per yard.

Lovely line of Morine Silk, in black and colors, 33 1-3 per cent under value.

75 pieces of Silks in Taffetas, Gros Grain, Armures, Failles, Satins, Surahs and Chinas, remains of Dougherty's stock, thrown on Bargain Counter at your own price.

Colored Dress Goods.

A line of fancy Crepons and Novelty Goods at 65c yard, \$1.25 value.

46-inch silk finished Henriettas, 50c yard, \$1 value.

36-inch all wool Henriettas, 25c, 50c value.

46-inch all wool Serges, 39c, 75c value.

1 case fancy Dress Goods to go at 15c.

1 lot Cotton Crepons in evening shades, 9c.

A few of those \$15, \$20 and \$25 Novelty Suits from the Dougherty stock, all at \$5.

Black Dress Goods.

36-inch all wool Henriettas, 25c, 50c value.

44-inch all wool Henriettas, 38c, 65c value.

46-inch silk finished Henriettas, 48c, 85c value.

A beautiful line of Crepons, 75c to \$1.85.

Nice line silk and wool Tamise, 95c, \$1.50 value.

Brilliantines, 35c, 50c, 75c.

Miscellaneous

Embracing Cotton Dress Goods. Duty as well as selfishness prompts us to let the people of Georgia know about these wonderful sacrifices.

6 1-2c Dress and Apron Gingham tomorrow at 3 3-4c.

12 1-2c Toile de Nord and Dress Gingham at 7 1-2c.

5 cases Dress Ducks, new styles, worth 15c, at 10c.

1 case fine linen finish wide Percales, worth 10c, at 6 1-2c.

10 cases Printed Satines, worth 12 1-2c, at 8 1-3c.

1,500 Outing Flannels, worth 7 1-2c, at 4 1-2c.

Simpson printed 3 1-2c Percales, worth 7 1-2c, at 5c.

2,500 yards French Dimity, secured from Field, Chapman & Finner auction sale last week in New York. These goods are only slightly imperfect, worth from 18c to 40c, choice tomorrow at 12 1-2c.

100 pieces Cotton Crepon, worth 12c, at 9c.

TOMORROW—Fruit of the Loom and Lonsdale Domestic at 6 1-2c; Utica 4-4 and all the 15c grades at 8 1-3. Only in short lengths.

The best yard-wide Bleached Domestic on earth for 5c yard.

500 bundles of Calico, with 35 to 40 yards in bundle, at \$1.

50 pieces French Satines, worth 45c, at 28c.

The Notion Department.

The wonder of Atlanta. Space only for a few items.

Thimbles, 1c.

Pins and Needles, 1c each.

Shoe Blacking, 1c each.

15c Face Powders for 5c.

Shoe Lace, 4c.

Curling Iron, worth 10c, for 5c.

10c Kid Curlers for 3c.

30c Silk Belts for 20c.

Shoe Brushes, 8c.

25c Shoe Brushes for 15c.

Rubber Tip Lead Pencil, 7c dozen.

Cocoa Soap, worth 5c, at 3c.

10c Elastic at 5c yard. 20c Silk Elastic 10c yard.

25c Hair Brushes 12c. 50c Hair Brushes at 25c.

15c Rubber Dressing Combs for 5c.

50c Rubber Dressing Combs for 25c.

Hooks and Eyes 2c card.

5,000 cakes of Toilet Soap from bankrupt stock.

School Tablets from 1c up.

Saturday's arrivals from auction will be on sale tomorrow.

100 Chenille Table Covers at 45c.

200 Chenille Table Covers, extra large, 75c.

200 Chenille Curtains at \$1.90 pair.

500 Silk Windsor Ties at 8c.

500 Men's Cuffs at 10c.

500 Men's Four-in-Hand and Teck Scarfs, worth 25c, at 15c.

5,000 Linen Collars at 7 1-2c.

50 dozen Men's 40c Undershirts, worth 40c, at 25c.

50 dozen Men's 50c Negligee Shirts at 25c.

90 dozen New York Mills Linen Bosom Shirts, worth 75c, at 48c.

A liberal line of Boys' Negligee Laundered Shirts at reduced prices.

Shoe Department.

This is a new feature added to our collection of rare arts. The genius of an auspicious fatality has played to our hands and we have secured a \$25,000 bankrupt stock of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes, including the finest makes known. This department is under the management of Messrs. Dunwoody and Haugh, whose efficiency as Shoe people is amply and favorably known.

Tomorrow the great under-price sale will begin.

100 cases Ladies' Dongola Button Boots, patent tips, worth \$1.25, at 69c.

95 cases Ladies' cloth top, patent tip Button Boots, worth \$1.65, at 99c.

50 cases Ladies' fine Dongola, custom made, opera and common sense toe, worth \$3, at \$1.80.

40 cases grain spring heel Children's School Shoes, former price \$1, now 75c.

Infants' genuine Dongola Button Boots, soft and flexible, worth 35c, at 19c.

Men's Dongola Shoes, Bal and Congress, worth \$1.50, at 80c.

Men's genuine Satin Calf and Kangaroo Shoes, worth \$2, this sale price \$1.24.

10 cases Edwin Clapp's best \$7.50 patent leather Shoes at \$3.99.

Bring this ad. with you.

Samples sent on application. Express prepaid on Dress Goods packages amounting to \$10 or upward.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY!



The spreading rose is fair to view,
And rich the modest violet's hue.
Or greenly tulip filled with dew,
And sweet the lily's fragrance;
But there's a flower more dear to me,
That grows not on a branch or tree,
But in the grass plays merrily,
And of its leaves there are but three.
'Tis Ireland's native shamrock.

Oh, twine a wreath of shamrock leaves!
They decked the banners of our chiefs
And calmed the Irish exile's griefs.
Our country's cherished shamrock;
The muse inspired with words of praise
The poets of our early days
To write in many a glowing phrase
And sing in powerful, thrilling lays
The virtues of the shamrock.

The brightest gems of the rarest flowers
That ever bloomed in eastern bowers
Possessors for him not half the powers
That dwell within the shamrock;
Sweet memories, like refreshing dew,
The past with all its charms renew.
The church, the spot where wild flowers
grow,
The faithful friends, the cherished few
He left to cull the shamrock.

Land of the west, my native Isle,
May heaven's love upon you smile,
And banish foes that may beguile
The lovers of the shamrock;
May God forever cherish thee
In peace and love and harmony,
And rank thee proud 'mid nations free,
Thus pray thy children fervently
For Ireland and the shamrock.

He who has left his island home
Beneath a foreign sky to roam,
And in a foreign clime unknown,
How dear he loves the shamrock.
When on the feast of St. Patrick's Day
He kneels within the church to pray
For holy Ireland far away
He feels again youth's genial ray,
While gazing on the shamrock.

My country's flower, I love it well,
For every leaf a tale can tell,
And teach the minstrel's heart to swell
In praise of Ireland's shamrock;
The emblem of our faith divine,
Which blest St. Patrick made to shine,
To teach eternal truth sublime,
And which shall last as long as time,
And long as blooms the shamrock.

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Draperies by the pair and by the yard. Lace Curtains in all new styles. Silk Curtains lower than ever before. Dot muslin in mammoth supply. Grand aggregation in Draperies, Fixtures, Upholstery Goods, Awnings, etc. Come and examine them. Chamberlin, Johnson & Co.

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THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Boulevard School.

Ident. Emma Kaphar, secretary, Jack Live-

ly, vice president, Milton Smith.

The fourth grade had an exciting spelling

match Friday. Guy Willie Parkhurst.

The subject of the contest was a cap-

able manner.

He will surely perform his office in a cap-

able manner.

He will surely perform his office in a cap-

able manner.

He will surely perform his office in a cap-

able manner.

He will surely perform his office in a cap-

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THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to The
 Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MARCH 17, 1895.

A RAILWAY KNIGHT-ERRANT.

The Chicago special bore an unusually heavy load that day. Vacation was over, and homeward travel had begun. There was not a single empty seat in any four sleepers, and at each stop there were new demands for berths. Spirited conversations between the Wagner conductor and irate passengers who had failed to bespeak their berths, were frequent, and the last berth, the upper one in the rear car, reserved for the conductor himself, had just been given up to a flurried all important personage who had insisted on his right to a whole section.

So now things began to quiet down. The passengers unbent from their dignity and began to compare vacation notes; the men betook themselves to the smoking compartment and the train boy ceased for a while his journeys through the cars, offering his

Dan drew near—he was interested to know what the conductor would do. "They'll be most crazy if she don't come," added the other woman. "And it will put them out dreadful, 'cause they've got to start right off for Colorado." A sharp whistle recalled the conductor, and he put one foot on the steps and stood, watch in hand, ready to give the signal. "Say, I'll kinder keep an eye on the kid if that's all you want," Dan said awkwardly to the woman. "Don't know much 'bout children, but I guess some of the women will tend to her?" He gave an inquiring glance at the conductor. "All right—I'm willing—jump aboard will you, we're late now," and the conductor waved his hand.

Dan seized the child and placed her lightly on the platform, and the train began to move. He listened to the parting directions of the two women, and threw back the silver half dollar one of them tried to slip into his hand, with a toss of his head, as he shouted, "I ain't no porter, and I'm doing this to 'blige you." Then he held the child tightly while she waved her tiny handkerchief till the station was a mere speck in the distance.

Then he took her into the car and left her to amuse herself with the rolls of lozenges, while he made a trip through the other cars. By the time he got back she had made friends with a lady across the aisle, who offered to share her berth with the child, and before the afternoon was over she was playing games all over the car, and to Dan's intense amusement she insisted on eating supper with the man

of the prizes in the bags of popcorn, a little sugar image which he was about to eat when—

Crash!

Dan was awake now. In an instant he was rushing towards the sleeper. Something dreadful had happened! The train shook and shivered and swayed.

There was a second crash, and a tearing sound and the end of the car was torn off, and a cloud of steam rushed in and about him.

The shock threw him to his feet, but he crawled on. He must reach the sleeper. There was Bessie; he had promised to take care of her.

What would he say to the mother if she were killed?

Yet it really wasn't his fault.

Would he never get to the end of the car?

It seemed ages before he reached the platform, and his hand grasped the twisted breaks. Overturned on the track before him was the sleeper. The dim, gray light of the early morning just showed its outlines. Farther than that he could not see.

He jumped from the platform and landed on the upturned side of the car.

He could hear cries inside and through one of the windows a head was thrust. With his heels he broke the glass of the window nearest him, then he crawled on to the next, and next, breaking each in turn, till finally he reached the fourth.

This was where Bessie was.

Here he crawled in, but there was no one in the berth.

It was lighter now. The sun must have come up very quickly.

Then a smell of smoke revealed the cause. The broken lamp at the end of the car had set the bedding on fire.

The flames were spreading fast.

the seat on which he stood, broken by the crash, fell beneath his weight and he was thrown back into the car. He struck heavily and there was a sharp pain in his head, and little Bessie almost fell from his arms.

He seized the broken bell rope that hung from its rings and, placing the child on his back, bound the cord, around and around, thus binding her tightly to him.

Then he tried a second time to gain the window. This time there was a hand held down to help him, and in a moment he felt the soft grass beneath him, and there was a sudden movement of the little body pressed close to him.

Then there was a terrible whirling sound in his ears, and the blackest night seemed to settle over everything and he became unconscious.

News of the disaster traveled fast, and when the train bearing the wrecked passengers drew into Detroit there were hundreds of anxious friends inquiring for dear ones. Strong men were crying and faces were white with horror as they listened to the story of the dreadful collision.

In one corner, faint and weary, sat a sad-faced mother, while her husband wandered hither and thither in vain search for their child.

"A little girl with blue eyes?" repeated one of the passengers after him.

"Let me see, there was one, but—here, porter, perhaps you can tell the gentleman," and the passenger hastened away.

"There was one child killed, sir," the porter replied slowly. "I hope it ain't yours, I'm sure. Just step this way, please."

He turned to do so with tears blinding his eyes, but a tiny hand caught hold of his coat and a childish voice cried: "Don't run away, papa—ain't you glad to see Bessie?"

"I told the ladies I'd see she got to you safe," Dan explained as they were being driven to Bessie's home.

"And when we was struck, I knew there warn't no one else to look out for her, special, so I made straight for her, and we managed to get out somehow, didn't we Bess?"

Dan stroked the silky hair of the child, and smiled at her with lips that trembled.

Even now his head was dizzy and there were queer pains running through his body.

"Yes," cried Bessie, with a happy laugh as if recalling some pleasant time.

"It was awful funny going to sleep in those funny boxes with curtains; then I woke up and was under a great big heap of blankets."

"Dan was real good to me, Dan was, and all his lovely candy was burnt up to nothing, and I just think you ought to give him some new 'cause he took such good care of me. Won't you, papa?"

Her sweet face was upturned and her hand was slipped into Dan's—and he hastily swallowed a big lump in his throat as he muttered:

"I didn't do nothing."

Harriet Caryl Cox.

An Unprofitable Lift.

Farmers, even those not otherwise noted for liberality, are usually very willing to give a "lift" in their wagon to pedestrians, unless their appearance is decidedly unprepossessing, and provided, of course, the request is made in proper form.

A farmer, returning from town with an empty produce wagon, overtook a young man plodding along with the discouraged air of a city man unused to dirt roads.

"Hullo, Jerzey," cried the stranger, brightly. "Can a man get a lift to Vineland?"

"I don't see why he can't," responded the farmer, in a non-committal way.

"Then I'll take a ride," said the stranger, vaulting into the wagon, and making himself comfortable.

After two or three miles had been traversed, the stranger paused in his inconsequential talk long enough to observe: "It's quite a distance to Vineland."

"Yes, it is a distance," admitted the farmer.

Another mile was passed, and then the stranger inquired:

"About how far is it to Vineland?"

"Well," replied the farmer, meditatively, "keepin' straight ahead, the way we're goin' now, it's about twenty-five thousand miles; but if you'll get out and hoof it back it ain't more'n about six or seven."

The stranger got out and "hoofed" it back.

A Delightful Solree.

Miss Gypsy Morris gave a delightful solree to her small class on Saturday afternoon. Every one present enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent, thanks to Miss Morris.

These little Saturday afternoon solrees are becoming very popular, and a large assembly of little folks is always present.



The Seat on Which He Stood Fell Beneath His Weight and He Was Thrown Back into the Car.

wares of candy, gum, books and magazines.

Trade this side of Niagara didn't amount to much. He had learned that by experience.

At first magazines sold pretty well—but the real demand did not come till after they had passed Suspension bridge and the stop at Falls View station made. Then was the time to offer souvenirs of Niagara for sale.

Indeed, Dan knew about how many copies he would sell.

A few months' experience on the train had given him a pretty keen insight into the habits and desires of the passengers.

At a glance he could tell who would and who would not buy of him, and just what women needed—a little persuasion and a pleasant smile to induce a purchase.

In fact, Dan's smile was a valuable part of his stock in trade and he used it to advantage, for it was a pleasant smile—and it made the round, freckled face very winning.

He was sorting over his books now preparatory to one more trip through the cars—before offering peanuts and candy again—when the train drew up at a dingy, dilapidated station. They were stopping for water he knew, and he went to the platform and jumped to the ground.

It was a relief after the rocking train.

Much to his surprise he found the conductor in earnest conversation with two women.

"Oh, but you must take her somehow," he heard the younger of the women exclaim in a distressed voice.

"You see there ain't any other way to send her and her mother expects her sure, and she'll be at the station to take her off, and she'll be a real good girl, and not trouble you one bit, won't you, Bessie?"

Here she pulled forward a little blue-eyed girl and the conductor's eyes rested thoughtfully on her.



The Blackest Night Seemed to Settle on Everything, and He Became Unconscious.

who had made the greatest fuss over his berth, but who, Bessie insisted, looked "just like grandpa."

So Dan kept only a general oversight of the child and finally when she disappeared behind the heavy curtains of the berth, with a childish "good nightie everybody," that included the whole car, he went back to the day coach and curled up on a hard seat, to sleep.

He slept soundly, for the day had been a tiresome one, but after a while he began to dream. He thought that Bessie had chewed gum till she grew smaller and smaller and finally was nothing but one

Through the broken windows people were rushing, men and women, and there were groans and shrieks on all sides.

But he could see nothing of Bessie. Could he have been mistaken in the car?

Suddenly from beneath a pile of clothing he saw a tiny hand thrust out, and he heard a stifled cry.

Eagerly he pushed aside the heavy blankets and pulled the child out. By the light of the flames now rapidly nearing them he could see how white she looked, and her eyes were closed.

Could he be too late?

He tried to climb out of the window, but

SCHOOL NOTES.

Calhoun Street School.

The brightest pupils in the first and third grades, Calhoun, are Misses Elizabeth and Hattie May High. They both recite with perfect ease, and often delight large au-



diences. Miss Elizabeth has led her class every month, except February, with a splendid average. Hattie May is equally as bright. They are the daughters of the well-known dry goods merchant, Mr. J. M. High, and it would be hard to find a brighter pair in the city.

The spelling match that occurred between the eighth and seventh grades last Friday resulted in a victory for the eighth. Both grades spelled well, and the match was very exciting.

The eighth and fourth grades carried off the attendance honors last week.
Jay Youngblood.

Marietta Street School.

The first on the honor rolls for February in the different grades are: Eighth grade, Ida Gottlieb; seventh grade, Bessie Hull; sixth grade, Hattie Gottlieb; fifth grade, Austin McGinnis; fourth grade, Herbert Mack; third grade, Myrtle Hogan; second grade, Bessie Adamson; first grade, Sallie Creighton.

On Monday excellent speeches were delivered by Masters Heldt, Kline, Warren, Ray, Phillip Muncon, John Pharr, and Misses Tommie Dozier, Alice Jeffries, Katie Gore and Jessie Cadle. These were followed by a song from Miss Annie M. Adler.

The T. R. D. C., of this school met Friday, March 8th, and elected as president, Mr. Carl Hutchinson; secretary, Lemuel Whitfield, and vice president, Charles Ellsworth.

This is a picture of Miss Sallie Arnette Creighton, a very pretty and smart little



girl of the first grade. She is eight years old and the daughter of Mr. J. C. Creighton. Her recitations are always good. She is the first honor pupil.
O. N.

Crew Street School.

At the next meeting of the eighth grade literary society the seventh grade will be present and enjoy the following excellent programme:

Piano solo, Willie Martin; recitation, Louise Catching; recitation, Mary Knapp; recitation, Genora Moon; piano solo, Leona Clarkson; recitation, Minnie Lee Allen; composition, Ruby Jones; recitation, Wallace Jones; recitation, Eula Culley; piano solo, Mary Kenney; piano solo, Louis Gregg; banjo solo, Samuel Ogletree; piano solo, Mabel Taylor.

Debate, "Resolved, That Lee was a much better general than Grant." Affirmative, Lamar C. Kucker, Lilly Mayfield, Cliff Tupper; negative, Paul McDonald, Ethel Tutwiler, Phil Clark.

Last week in the eighth grade we had a regular treat, the cause being that some one wrote a note to a girl in the room and signed another boy's name.

Miss Roach in some way got hold of the note after the girl had read it, and promptly called the boy out into the hall, whose name was signed to the note. He denied writing it, whereupon Miss Roach compared the writing and paper with that of Miller Gowen, who sat next to the girl, and

found it to be exactly the same. Gowen denied having written it, hence the trial. The circumstantial evidence was so strong that when Gowen saw he would be found guilty he confessed and ended the trial.

The next few days will probably bring the reorganization of the Southside Stars baseball team, which I think will be a very good one.

There are three men who would make excellent captains. I don't know which one will be elected, Saunders Gatins, Vernon Tupper or Howard Muse. All of these men are good players and I think we will do well to get either one of them. The positions will probably be about as follows:

Catcher, Lefee; second base, Boynton; third base, Muse; shortstop, Gatins; left field, Tupper; right field, Bushton; center field, Thompson.

Master Burney Kelly Gatins is our mascot.

Lefee as catcher is a "beaut," and his drops over to second are perfect.

Boynton on second is a gritty little player who always gets his hits and never muffs a liner.

Muse at third is very good; his batting this year is superb.

Gatins at short always does his share in batting and base running.

Tupper is also a very good player.

And Bushton is as good a fielder as ever trod a diamond.

Thompson is also very good.

The South Side Stars were well represented at the late Junior contests, carrying off two prizes and coming near taking a third one.

Bushton won the high jump, while Harris got the long one, and Cam Dorsey, one of our best athletes, came a close second on "Bob" Daniels in the quarter-mile race.

Paul McDonald.

This is the picture of Miss Harriet McClure Ellis, who is the daughter of Captain W. D. Ellis. She is the second honor pupil in the third grade for the month of



March. She is only nine years old and is very smart and exceedingly pretty. She studies hard, and sometimes composes pieces and plays them on the piano, on which instrument she is an excellent performer.

The fifth grade made the highest average in attendance, it being 99.6, the eighth grade being a close second with an average of 99. The school average was 98, which is exceedingly good.

Professor Davis was out here Thursday and Friday and marked all the grades in singing. The marks are not as good as they were last month.

Kite time has come and every evening one may see the air full of them, big little and all sorts of kites. All the large vacant lots are thronged with boys, either flying kites or watching the other boys fly them.

Miss Roach has given the fifth grade the bed in the front yard, and they are going to have a flower garden which will make our school look a great deal better.

Next week in the fifth grade there will be a spelling match, and I'm sure the visitors and participants will have a nice time.

After this the fifth grade society will meet every week instead of once a month as heretofore. I know they will always have an entertaining programme.

Ivy Street School.

Professor Bass visited our school last Monday. He complimented the pupils of the eighth grade on their science, although the arithmetic was also good.

Drawing paper has been purchased, and some of the pupils are beginning their work for the exposition. Ivy expects to have one of the best exhibits there.

The sixth grade entertained the three upstairs grades last Friday with a very good programme. The features of the programme were the recitations of Louis Swartz and of Cliff Johnson. The best pieces on the programme were the recitations of Rachael Milam and Arthur Connally.

Arch Avery.

Hunter's School.

The new officers of the Euphemian Literary and Debating Society were installed at the last meeting, which was held on Friday.

The president, Mr. G. W. Mitchell, de-

livered his inaugural address, which was one of the greatest efforts of his oratorical career. He will surely be one of the foremost orators of the coming generation.

Mr. Frank Howard assumed the duties of secretary, and, being an efficient officer, he will surely perform his office in a capable manner.

The subject of debate was: "Resolved, That the south is a greater resort for invalids than the north." The president favored the affirmative side with his decision. Mr. Lucius Lamar Harris was leader on the affirmative, and Mr. James J. Barnes leader on the negative.

The subject for debate at the next meeting is, "Resolved, Lee was a greater general than Grant." This well-known subject will be discussed in an able manner.

The Euphemian quartet was unable to sing on account of the hoarseness of two of the members of the quartet, but is to render a selection at the next meeting.

The senior class is rapidly advancing in general history, under the careful instruction of our efficient teacher, Professor Hunter. The same class will soon finish Virgil, and will probably read the Orations of Cicero.

Mrs. Byers's School.

Master John McHarrison, of whom a picture appears below, is one of the brightest boys in Mrs. Byers's school. He is on the roll of honor nearly every month and is an exceedingly bright boy.

It will be seen by the picture that he has a bright as well as handsome face. He



is a great favorite with the teachers and his schoolmates. John believes there is no place like home, and is perfectly content as well as happy while playing with his little sister and two younger brothers.

Ira Street School.

Those who lead the roll of honor in the different classes of our school are, in the eighth, Jack Lively; seventh, Essie Regenstein; sixth, Lula Glover; fifth, Edwina Behre; fourth, Guy Griggs; third, Eddie McManaman; second, McMichael Smith, and in the first, Louise Schroeder.

Professor Newton, of Boston, Mass., visited our school not long ago and seemed greatly pleased with our singing. He praised us, saying that we were one of the best singing schools he had ever heard, and that is saying a good deal, for Professor Newton has visited the schools all over the United States.

The eighth grade of this school has had a valuable addition made to it in the form of a new scholar. This is Master Carl Lewis who, from the present outlook, will lead the class. He comes to this school from Crew, and I am sure they are sorry to lose him.

For the next meetings of the sixth grade Golden Rod Society, and the eighth grade Latitudinarian Literary and Debating Society, excellent programmes have been arranged which will, no doubt, be greatly enjoyed.

Major Slaton visited our school Friday, and, as he always does, made interesting talks. He said something that I don't suppose many of the boys and girls in Atlanta know, which was the Atlanta schools had the highest attendance of any schools in the country. Of course, we are all very proud of this.

The Junior Stars, the crack Ira street nine, have challenged the Grant Park nine for a game of baseball, which, if accepted, will no doubt be very exciting.

Much interest was taken at Ira in The Junior's contest, and we most highly congratulate the winners.

Emmet F. Moon, of the eighth grade, is one of the best artists and penmen in the school. His drawings on the seventh grade boards last year have been highly praised by every one.

While the fifth grade have no regular society, yet every Friday they have a short entertainment, which is exceedingly enjoyable.

The sixth grade had the highest average in attendance for this week; it was 17.

Friday, after the society had adjourned, the eighth grade elected officers for their society for the next three months. The following were elected unanimously: Pres-

ident, Emma Kaphan; secretary, Jack Lively; vice president, Milton Smith.

The fourth grade had an exciting spelling match Friday. Guy Griggs's side won. Willie Parkhurst.

Boulevard School.

A very interesting meeting was held by the Rainbow Society, of the sixth grade, on Friday, March 8th. The president, Emelize Wood, called the meeting to order, and the secretary, Jessie McWilliams, read her report. The following programme was given in a most creditable manner:

Recitation—Medora Askew.

Song—By the class.

Recitation—Annie Elder.

Reading—Dola Jones.

Composition—Myra L'Engle.

Song—By the class.

Recitation—Amelia May Hilley.

Reading—Alice May Gastright.

Composition—Gertrude Jones.

Reading of the class paper, by the editor, Singleton Howell.

Critic's Report—By Thomas Seidell.

—Emelize Wood.

COLLEGES AND ACADEMIES.

Agnes Scott Institute.

The vocal recital given by Miss Bessie Service at Freyer & Bradley's music hall on the evening of March 8th was a decided success. A large number from Decatur were present, including not only inmates of the school, but also residents of the town. Miss Service, who is the institute vocalist, is a delightful singer and by her dainty appearance, sweet self-possession and clear, melodious and perfectly trained voice, charmed all who heard her on Friday evening.

On the same evening a few of the institute teachers and girls went for a little while to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Barnett to congratulate these dear friends of the school on the glad celebration of their silver wedding and to wish them much happiness in the years to come.

Several members of the institute faculty attended the intensely enjoyable organ recital given by Mr. William Carl at the Second Baptist church on Wednesday and Thursday of the present week. Mr. Carl seems to have fully met their high expectations.

Miss Springs and Miss Cooper have both been suffering with severe colds, but are now, we are glad to say, much improved.

Mrs. R. M. Service, of Dayton, O., after spending some weeks at the Agnes Scott with her daughter, Miss Service, returned home on Wednesday last. Mrs. Service formed a most pleasant addition to the institute family, and both teachers and girls were sorry to bid her goodbye.

Miss Thornbury's School.

The Horaeon Society meets every other Friday since the French luncheons started, because too much time is taken when they are both held on the same day.

The last luncheon was enjoyed more than any of the others the girls have yet given. The tables were presided over by Mary Bridge and Emma Hemphill.

Last Friday the meeting was held on promiscuous authors, and was very interesting. After recitations by Marion Woodward, Pauline Bridge, Bessie Baxter, Julia Porter and Louise Hopkins, the farewell issue of The Bumblebee, Jr., was read. This little paper has fulfilled its mission in the school, but its friends are very sorry to know that it will appear no more.

At the last meeting of the society Miss Ora Sue Mitchell tendered her resignation as secretary, and some one will be elected to fill her place next week.

The society pins have been ordered, and the girls will soon be wearing the crimson and white, our society colors.

O. S. M.

Southern Baptist College.

Friday evening a reception was given at the home of Mrs. Watkins to the members of the Hawthorne Union and their friends. The reception was one of the most delightful affairs ever given in Manchester.

The drawing room, library and dining rooms were beautifully decorated with roses, while the soft radiance of the many-colored lights touched the whole with the effect of a fairy scene. The musical programme was very entertaining, pieces being rendered by Mrs. Stanton, Miss Morgan and Miss Jossey.

Refreshments were served in the daintiest manner, and the entire evening passed delightfully.

The next reception will be given at the residence of Colonel Brewster.

A called meeting of the Hawthorne Union was held Wednesday afternoon.

The young ladies, escorted by some of the teachers, spent last Saturday morning very pleasantly sight-seeing in the city. They visited some of the parks and other places of interest.

An impromptu musical was given last Saturday evening to a few friends who were at the college. Misses Pearl Duggan, Lester, Jossey and Singletary played, while Miss Duggan, with her exquisite voice, rendered Tosti's plaintive "Goodbye." Miss Stanton and Mr. Daniel gave a cornet duet.

The teachers and young ladies deeply appreciate the treat they received Monday evening in the way of a basket of delicious fruit.

Lucie Stanton.

THE AMERICAN SWIFT.

Written for The Junior.

A large class of our birds subsist entirely upon insects that they obtain while flying through the air. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that the country in which they live should be free from frost and ice. The climate must be so tempered that insects should be free from frost and ice. The climate must be so tempered that insects should be free from frost and ice.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, JR.

Junior.

Carrie Goldsmith, Stone Mountain, Ga.—Dear Junior: I have been a silent admirer of The Constitution for a long time, and have thought much of writing you. I like the paper very much. I like the Constitution, Jr. much more. I would like to correspond with some of the contributors. We are a little readers.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, JR.

Junior.

Carrie Goldsmith, Stone Mountain, Ga.—Dear Junior: I have been a silent admirer of The Constitution for a long time, and have thought much of writing you. I like the paper very much. I like the Constitution, Jr. much more. I would like to correspond with some of the contributors. We are a little readers.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, JR.

Junior.

Carrie Goldsmith, Stone Mountain, Ga.—Dear Junior: I have been a silent admirer of The Constitution for a long time, and have thought much of writing you. I like the paper very much. I like the Constitution, Jr. much more. I would like to correspond with some of the contributors. We are a little readers.

"DROVE BACK."

BY CLARK RUSSELL.

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It was in that voyage that I took in the Empire that I made up my mind to knock off the sea. We were homeward bound from Adelaide, and I was keeping a lookout one black night on the fore'side, when, there coming a yelling spit of soaking blast slap into my face, I lifts up my fist and brings it down on the rail. For more than twenty year had I used the sea, and what was it come to? An old chest, two or three shifts of rags, a pair of sea boots, and, s'help me, no more. Through the providence of the sailor? By thunder, then, not. What's providence got to do with such a withered life as the ocean? Saving means getting, and where in niggers is the getting to be found where it's all living hard, faring hard, dying hard, and going to hell after all?

Beef ye could chisel into snatchblocks; pork too foul to grease your boots with; kicks and curses aft; wet and famine forwards—is it good enough? With a fok'sle so full of freed Dutchmen—why, when they hoist the English red ensign, the flag's the bitterest lie since Annynius and Sophia.

But how was I to get a living ashore? That was the question that occupied my attention when I walked them decks in solitude. I'd say to my mates: "What 'ud you do if you knocked off?" and some was for going to sea again, and the rest was for the work-us. I'd seen so little of life ashore that I couldn't guess how men got their livings. What was a merchant? He was a covey who traded. What was a clerk? He was a covey who sat on a stool and wrote in a book. No use of my laying a course for the likes of that. My taste went to the country, deep inland. I fancied I'd like to get a job under a market gardener. I'd feel pleased when I thought of reaping wheat and cutting down grass, of going home at sundown on top of a wagon-load of hay, the air sweet as nuts, and sittin' down to a burstin' blow out of ale and roasted apples and bread and cheese. "Go away, salt water!" I'd think then.

I was about thirty-five years old, and looked forty-five; loboouse'll serve yer measlier than weather. They say a weak heart paints the nose blue, which colors the spirits. Soup and bully's worse than a decayed vital, and if yer leave yer teeth in the mess kid, how many spoonfuls of pease soup do it take to raise a wrinkle?

The ship duly arrived, and I, along with the rest, was paid off. There was twenty-two months' wages to take up, so I had scope to ride by. I took a lodging at 2 Bromley street, Commercial road, and spent two pound in a land going rig out. Then I was at a loss. The name of the landlady was Mrs. Bloomer, and her husband was a waterman. Meeting her one day in the passage as I was going to take a turn to look about me:

"I should like," I says, "to have a short yarn with you, missis, if you've got a minute."

"Certainly, sir," she answers.

"Don't sir me, I beg," says I. "I'm no dog."

She steps me into a bit of a parlor, close with careful keeping. There was a little looking glass over the mantel shelf, bound in yaller gauze, with oyster shells fer occasional ornaments, and a glass case, with a stuffed bird, in the front window.

"Can I sit?" says I.

"Why, yes," says she, smiling. "It can't hurt yer."

I put down my cap and took a chair, and says, "Mrs. Bloomer, I've been a sailorman all my life and have come ashore to find a job, meaning to stop ashore. I've got a few pounds and can hold out for some time and I want you to tell me how I ought to go to work."

"What's your age?" says she, looking me over.

I told her.

"There's a many situations a-going," says she, "and a handy man ought never to want for a job. Why not turn waterman?"

"No more water for me," says I.

"Light porter," says she.

"Thought she meant something to drink."

"Can you drive a 'orse?"

"I don't fancy driving," says I.

"Look ere, Mr. Pooley," says she. "Your chance'll lie in advertising. Write out a little piece for the papers. It'll cost you about three or four shillings to put in. Aswers'll come and you can pick and choose."

I allowed this to be up to the knocker, and in that same room she and me made out this advertisement:

"A sailorman wants a job. He is an all-round hand, useful anywhere and any time, being accustomed to a calling that runs a day's work into twenty-four hours, and pays no overtime wages. Address William Pooley, 2 Bromley street, Commercial road, E."

When Bloomer came home that night he recommended me to put the piece into the paper which says it has the largest circulation in the world. This I did next day. Forget the cost. Valuing it in pints of beer, call it four gallons. I'm a slow hand at

reading and it took me a smothered long time to spell through the advertisements on the day when the piece I had wrote was to appear. At last, down in a corner, I spies my name.

"Who's a-going to see this?" says I to Mrs. Bloomer, putting my finger upon it.

"It do look insignificant, certainly," said she.

"Who the blooming blazes is a-going to see it?" says I, a-bringing down my fist.

"Yer never can tell," says Mrs. Bloomer. I went out for a turn that afternoon, and sat for a spell with an old shipmate that had brought up in the home in Well street. He had said to me:

"You'll never get rid of it, Bill. O'er an o'er I've been a-giving of it up. Six times have I been a-running and I've tried my hand as barber, dorg-fancyin' and wheel chairman. All no go," says he. "Here I am, three weeks ashore from Jamaica and now I'm looking for another ship. They don't want sailors on dry land. You'll be drove back to it."

When I returned to my lodging I found a letter addressed to Mr. William Pooley.

"Blistered if it ain't been seen arter all," said I, grinning like a fool.

I opens the letter and going to the window holds it out and reads it. It was from a gent, saying he had seen my advertisement, and was willing to give me a job; but I must invest some money along with him. Mrs. Bloomer said that I must look to get a number of letters of that sort. They was all thieves who wrote 'em, and I was to take no notice. She tore the letter up, fearing that I might be tempted to call upon the old covey.

Well, after that letter I heard no more who was a-going to see my name down in that there corner. I looked round at the office four days after the notice had appeared, and says to a clerk, "Considering," I says, "the cost I've been put to I'm surprised," says I, "not to have got any answers."

"Put it in again," says he.

"Down in that corner!" says I. "What's yer charge fer half of one of them pages of yourn with that there notice printed big, right amidstships of the white?"

"We don't do business in that sort of way," says he. "If we did the cost 'ud keep yer to wind'ard of jobs for the rest of yer shining days."

When I got to the lodging that afternoon, Mrs. Bloomer told me a party had called to see me.

"Something in the job line?" says I.

"I can't say, I'm sure," says she, and I thought that her manner was changed. She had a sort of cast in her eyes, and looked at the wall past my head, though she was a-staring hard at me taking me in.

"What did the party want?" says I.

"She was a female," she answered. "I believe she'll be able ter find yer a job, Mr. Pooley. She'll be here at half-past 10 tomorrow morning, if convenient to you."

I went to my room and smoked a pipe. There was no letters in answer to my notice. The paper might have the biggest circulation in the world, but its corner pieces wasn't read. What female party was this a-asking after me? A good many women kept shops. Numbers was widows in the baccy, sweetmeat, and other lines. Any sort of a job ashore would suit me, and one to my taste for all I knew might be coming along tomorrow at half-past 10.

Half-past 10 came around right enough, for if there's one thing that never disappoints a man it's time; that old bloke, drawn with a beard and a log-glass, always keeps his blushen word. There was no letter from the largest circulation. I had come back from getting a mouthful of breakfast, and was a-shaving—it was about half-past 10 o'clock; whilst I was all lather, comes a knock, and Mrs. Bloomer sings out, "Mr. Pooley, the party that called yesterday to see you is awaiting in my parlor."

"Right," says I, and wiping off the soap, I put on my jacket and went downstairs.

There was a woman and her little boy standing by the table. She wore a green hat, and looked to be got up for a Sunday outing. The boy for his tidy looks was like one of them children that sings in the streets along with men in clean jumpers, and women with babies under their shawls.

Mrs. Bloomer, standing beside the door, says, "This is Mr. Pooley."

When I steps in the woman took and dodged a bit, shooting her head out first to port, then to starboard, a-screwdriving of her eyes into me with the twistings of her face. She then says faintly:

"Lor—why—yes, Bill," and grasping the table she fell to rocking herself, very quietly, saying once or twice softly, "Bill, Bill," but with a note of such grief and reproach that an old goat might have been moved by it.

"What's this?" says I, turning upon Mrs. Bloomer.

"Oh, Bill," shrieks the woman on a sudden, holding out her hands to me, "don't pretend not to know me if I'm not to drop dead. Here's your child, your own little William. He was six months old when you left me, and—O, William, think—now he's six years!" And with that she lifts

him right on to the table, calling out, "Look at your father, Billy. Ask him if he ain't ashamed to have left his poor wife for nigh six year, with never one word to say whether he was alive or dead?"

I thought to myself, "Bloomed if I don't think now that them corner pieces in the largest circulation are read." Mrs. Bloomer's face was like a ship's figure-head, hard with feelings.

"You're quite mistaken," says I. "I never was married in this here world, and so if I've got a wife she must be an angel."

"Never was married," she screamed, running up to me, whilst the boy sang out, "Mother, I shall fall!" and Mrs. Bloomer put him down. "Never was married!" she shrieks. "D'yer mean to say that you forget courting me at my father's, Simon Dadds, who kept the hostillery called the 'Sinking Star,' on the Sandwich road? Never was married!" she yells, with her words streaming in a quick rattle like coal from a tip, "when the church was St. George's, at Deal, and the date June 21, 1876? Never was married? Oh, Bill!" and seizing me by the arm she pulls me to the window, and sobs out, "Oh, Bill! If you ain't so charged, I can't be. I've been alone for nigh six years. Look at your child; it's me as has fed him and done for him, or where'd he be? Don't say yer don't know me. I never expected that."

And here, letting go of my arm, she buries her face, and lets fly all her nerves in screechings.

"Why don't yer comfort her?" says Mrs. Bloomer.

"Why don't you?" says I. "She's got nothen to do with me."

With that I walks out. The woman flies after me.

"Bill, Bill," she bawls, catching hold of me.

I turned and said: "What's it yer want?" Here the young 'un began to cry, roaring for mother.

"What's all this about?" says Bloomer, coming up from the kitchen. He'd got a cold in his head, and was a-lying by.

"Joe," answered Mrs. Bloomer, "this poor woman has been deserted, along with her child, for nigh upon six year, and now she says she's found her man in Mr. William Pooley."

"I've had almost enough of this here larking, hain't you?" says I to the woman. "Who are yer, and what d'yer want? You don't believe I'm yer husband, Bloomer, s'elp me, as I stand a living man, I never was married, and that woman knows it."

"How should she know it?" squawked Mrs. Bloomer, like a gull in a gale.

"Got yer there, Pooley," says Bloomer, in a voice thick as gruel with cold.

"I was married," cried the woman, "at St. George's, Deal, June 21, 1876, and William Pooley was my man's name. Simon Dadds was my father, and kept a hostillery. Oh, ma'am, that he can stand there and pretend not to know nor remember! If my father were alive—he was a sailor then," she sings out, pointing at me. "Will you tell me that yer don't recollect stopping the carriage at the Deal Luggery ing, as we drove from church, and treating the beatmen? Didn't yer likewise stop at the 'Yarmouth Packet' and keep father awaiting dinner for us—?"

"I tell yer," I roared out, breaking in to her noise, "that I don't know yer, and that I never was married, and that you've mistook your man."

"Here Bloomer, stumping back to his kitchen, stops at the head of the staircase to call out:

"Settle it quickly, and don't make no noise, for this 'ouse 'as got a name to lose. I know what sailors are, and mubbee it is, and mubbee it ain't. Lizzie, keep you clear, and if the parties'll come to tarms outside, it'll be agreeable," and down he went.

"Are you going to tell me, Mr. Pooley," says Mrs. Bloomer, whose face showed like a relish for this shindy, for all that it was as hard as sailors' beef, "that there's no truth in this party's statements?"

"None," I yelled, for their working up of my old iron was a-making me red hot.

"And yer tell us," says Mrs. Bloomer, with a sneer, "that a woman's memory won't allow her to recognize her husband after six years of desertion?"

"He was six months old," says the other, sobbing and pointing to her boy, "when we was left. He sailed in a ship called the Miranda. I've never heard of him since, but I knew he was alive, for he deserted at Sydney and arrived at Liverpool in a ship called the 'Simon Orkins,' and that I larn," she screamed, rounding upon me, "from Jim Redpath, who had sailed with yer afore, and came home with yer in the 'Orkins.'"

When she had said this I pulled off my jackd, and waistcoat, bared my arms to the elbows, and opening my starched shirt, I turned it under that they might see to the flesh of me. They yelled and fell back, thinking I was going for them, and Bloomer came upstairs again, sneezing. I ran my fingers through my hair, and flinging open the house door, that the light of God, that the minister says is the truth itself might shine upon me, I lays hold of the woman and pulls her on to the doorsteps, and sings out:

"Now look at me. Can you see me?" and gives my bosom a thump. "Was this here arm your William's?"

"Yes," she shrieks, "that was his crucifige."

"Was this here face your William's?"

says I, slapping my forehead, and I shoves it into her'n, and sings out: "Look again. Look by God's light. Look if your durned perishing William ever had such a face upon him as mine, in all his goin' a-fishin'."

There was a crowd by this time, and noticing it, I steps into the passage, picks up my clothes, and goes upstairs.

After this I shifted my shanty. There was nothen to be lost, I allowed, by a change of address, as they call it. By this time all notion of getting a job out of the largest circulation was clean gone. I hired a room in Smith street, Stepney. The house was kept by Mrs. Gumble, widow of a coasting skipper. When I paid Mrs. Bloomer she took my money scornfully, and I think she would have spoke, but my eye kept her quiet; my pulling off my coat, too, and hauling of the lying party on to the pavement, had done Mrs. Bloomer good.

I still carried some pounds in good money in my pocket, but guessed if I didn't fall in with a situation soon the old leather purse 'ud be showing like the end of a long voyage. I answered advertisements and hunted about; it was all no good—nobody wanted me. What was expected was always exactly what I hadn't got. Then they wanted written characters, and I had nothin' but "V. G." certificates to show 'em. I told Mrs. Gumble I wanted to give up the sea and settle ashore, and she answered that in heart she couldn't blame me. She advised me to put in a little notice. I told her I'd done so.

Says she: "Though once might be of no use, twice might work the traverse. Try another paper."

After considering the thing and understanding it might find me a chance if it did no more, I walked around to another newspaper with the same piece that appeared in the corner of the largest circulation, only instead of signing my name William Pooley to it I took the name of William Treakell, my mother's name afore she married, partly because I reckoned that as William Pooley I'd just had all the innings I was going to get, whilst Treakell was like starting on a fresh voyage and partly because I didn't want my name to meet the eye of the lying party.

And now I am going to tell you what I daresay you'll not believe; but if it ain't true, then my eyes aren't twins. Two days after the piece had appeared, I returned to Stepney for a cruise to Regent street. When I walks in, Mrs. Gumble calls out from her back room: "Is that you Mr. Pooley?"

"Pooley it is," says I, stopping at the foot of the steps.

She comes out, and, looking hard at me, says: "There's been a party with a boy, inquiring after you."

"Female party?" says I.

"Yes," she says.

"She says her husband left her when her child was six months old. He was a seafaring man. His name was Pooley," says she, looking at me very hard. "He didn't always used to sign under that name, and sometimes shipped himself as William Treakell." I breathed short. "It was her mother's maiden name," said Mrs. Gumble.

"What brought her to this house?" says I, talking as if I'd just had a tooth drawn.

"She's always on the lookout for her husband, and reads the advertisements in the papers. She saw the name of Treakell, an' says you're her man. She described yer," says Mrs. Gumble, beginning to talk with a sort of snarl (there's a durned sight too much of fellow-feeling among people of Mrs. Gumble's sort.) She gave me your likeness in words as though she talked with your picture in her 'and. She says yer lodged at Mrs. Bloomer's, down out of the Commercial road, and left that house because she discovered yer."

"Well," says I.

"Well," says she. "She'll be here tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, and hopes it will be convenient to you to see her."

"It'll be convenient for me to see her in—" but I stopped myself, the blooming joke was passed beyond all cusses. "How in flames did she know," says I, "that I called myself Treakell?"

"She asked if the Treakell as lodged here answered her description she gave of yer. 'No Treakell lodges here,' says I, 'but I've a party stopping in the house as is the same as yer describe.' Then his name's Pooley," says she. "Pooley it is," says I, the surprise making me answer quick. Then she tells me yer married her at Deal, and deserted her when her infant babe was six months old."

"I'll not see the hedgehog," I burst out. "She's ten stun o' lie from hat to heel. Don't let me be troubled by her. She's no wife of mine."

"Yer won't see her, d'yer say?"

"Look here! Is there any letter for me?"

"Nary letter. You won't see her d'yer say?"

"Nary letter?" I says. "It cost me four bob, and who in the blooming blazes is a-going to see it where they've gone and stuck it, right amidstships of a whole smother of like notices? If they takes yer money, why don't they find yer in answers? Damn me if it ain't worse than picking your pocket, to entice a man into spending four bob, and never a one withered reply in two days."

"So yer won't see her, then?" says Mrs. Gumble, lifting her eyebrows, and sourly spreading of her lips till I saw the red of her false teeth at the back of her jaw.

I just wished deep down in me that she'd

It was during the publication of "The Raven" that he produced the series of remarkable poems which are now known as the "Raven" poems. It was during the publication of "The Raven" that he produced the series of remarkable poems which are now known as the "Raven" poems.

THE STORY OF THE UNHAPPY YOUTH OF A GREAT POET. AND

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, JR.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, JR.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Premonitory Symptoms of Imperial Impetuosity.—Dismissed from the Service—By John Clark Ridpath.

(Copyright.)

VI.—GENIUS IN A QUANDARY.

At this stage, rapidly becomes the chief characteristics of Bonaparte. He darts from place to place with astonishing celerity, and in many instances with insufficient and undiscernable motives of transit.

His flights are like those of a bird; say, an eagle's. Thus during his stay in Corsica he suddenly springs off, in October of 1787, and is at Paris for more than a month. But at Christmas he is back at Ajaccio with an extension of his leave of absence. Again, during his stay at Auxonne, he speeds away for fifteen days to Seurre, in command of a small detachment, to suppress a riot. These movements are premonitory of those extraordinary imperial flights with which he subsequently startles all Europe and the world.

The stay at Auxonne extended, with the brief interruption referred to, from May of 1788 to September of 1789—a period of fifteen



NAPOLEON BY APPIANI.

months. His occupations at that place were much like those at Valence and Ajaccio. He performed his military duties in a desultory way, but with more exactitude than the French code of military ethics at that time required. But military duty demanded only a fraction of his time; the rest was given to that intense but fragmentary study by which his mind was trained and supplied with a wide range of information.

The ambition of Napoleon to be an author did not for the present subside. At one time he was on the eve of bringing out at Paris his "History of Corsica." A publisher agreed to do the work on condition of share-and-share-alike in the proceeds. But just at that juncture M. de Senneville, Marquis de Senneville, to whom the work was dedicated, was deposed from his see in disgrace. Here was a state of things indeed, to dedicate a great work to a disgraced ecclesiastic! The publication was accordingly postponed, and the manuscript recast, with an inscription to Paoli. This was a plain indication that the author's mind, as between French despotism and Corsican independence, was strongly tending to the latter.

The winter of 1788-89 was passed by Bonaparte in his quarters at Auxonne. In the following April that disturbance occurred as Seurre which called for a half-month's petty campaign from Napoleon's company, and ended in nothing. It was like the episode at Lyons, but less important. As yet, Lieutenant Bonaparte had never as a soldier drawn blood, or seen it drawn by others. His restlessness now bore him rapidly on to action. His passion for doing something and for "following his destiny"—a fiction which he was always dwelling upon—led him to commit himself (ambiguously) to the Corsican patriots. His adroitness was such, however, that he kept ever a cord to his purposes whereby he might recover himself for France. In fact, he knew not what thing he would be called to do, or in what cause his sword should first be actually unsheathed. His nature was always to avail himself of the first contingency. Napoleon is doubtless—such was his sleepless vigilance—the only great man of history who never lost an opportunity!

Bonaparte was with his regiment, so-called, of "Iron" at Auxonne when the great revolution in France began. Within a month from the trifling event at Seurre the states general assembled at Versailles. There, on the 6th of May, 1789, the most remarkable political body of modern times went into session on the condition of France and mankind. There was a procession of great men; a gathering to their seats in the hall of Menus; a seating of 600 representatives of the people; a looking down from the gallery of the young Baroness de Stael-Holstein on the heads of Riquetti de Mirabeau, the philosophic Volney, the lean Jean Paul Marat, the big young Danton of Arcis-sur-Aube, the lithe Camille,

the sea-green Robespierre, and the rest. It was the beginning of the end of much—the opening of a small crevasse in the great like whereby a feudal civilization had walled in the destinies of mankind for centuries. Outside that ancient wall lay the roaring ocean, soon to rush in wave on wave till the deluge, flecked with blood, should rise to the pinnacles of all palaces, and splash the domes of all cathedrals.

The bruit of the great event reached the towns and cities and people of France. Men wot not the thing they did. None knew that the ancient order was rushing in to doom. None imagined that the French monarchy itself was going headlong down to Orcus and eternal night. All stood together on the crumbling verge of the chasm, and supposed that they would easily bridge it over with some new cardboards of finance and paper billets legislating bread for men. Vain delusions of an awful hour! Surely salvation for France and for mankind lies not that way, O representatives of the people!

The effects of the extraordinary movement thus begun for the reform of the French nation were strikingly diverse in the different parts of the kingdom. France was at yet homogeneous in nothing. The towns of the south, under the loyal sentiments of the Provençal race, received the news in one spirit and the towns of the north in another. They of the Gironde in the far southwest heard the tidings as a proclamation of good news to men; while they of Lyons and Montpellier and Marseilles and Toulon and Nice, in the far southeast, caught the intelligence with doubt and animosity.

On men themselves the news fell from week to week with varying effects according to their personal characters and prejudice of race. In general, they who had imbibed the principles of the new French philosophy either went after the revolution or ran before it waving a flag. Such a mind was Bonaparte's. No doubt he was a born revolutionist—provided always he could himself control the revolution. His nature was fitted in every part for that state of fruitful anarchy which tends again to order. He was essentially a man for the storm and hurricane, but suited best the after stages of the tempest.

Would not this revolutionary fire in France leap the sea and kindle itself in Corsica? Does not occasion now offer for the recovery of Corsican independence? Does not the path of destiny open by way of Ajaccio rather than by way of Paris? Or if the cause indeed lies by way of Paris, does it not first extend through the native island? The patriot Paoli resides in English exile; perhaps he may return to Corsica, and we as his lieutenant in chief may yet lead the patriots to independence and glory. To sum up all, Napoleon at this stage was whirled along by the coming storm; but he cautiously kept his bearings, became practical rather than theoretical, and impatiently waited the opportunity to become great.

Lieutenant Bonaparte remained with his regiment at Auxonne until the 15th of September, 1790. The revolution had now been in progress a year and four months. The movement had become more and more portentous at every step. The ruined Bastille was already a hateful, but glorious, reminiscence. At this time Corsica was represented in the national assembly by two moderate patriots, named Salicetti and Colonna. The royal delegate from the island was that Buttafuoco whom Choiseul had used in establishing the French protectorate in Corsica.

The people of the island were divided into several hostile factions. First of all, there was a royal faction, very few in number, composed of the petty Corsican nobles and higher ecclesiastics. These virtually constituted the insular "government." Secondly, there was a moderate party favorable to liberalism, but supporting the French protectorate. In the third place, there was a powerful revolutionary party, favoring absolute independence, and seeking by the recall of Paoli to overthrow all foreign authority. This condition of affairs, as well as the deplorable state of his family, induced Napoleon to obtain another leave of absence, and to return to his native country.

On his way homeward he stopped at Aix, and there he found his brother Lucien. That obstinate personage had withdrawn from the military academy at Brienne, but had failed to secure admission to the theological school at Aix. There he was in poverty and hopelessness, when Napoleon came and conducted him back to Ajaccio. The latter, at Marseilles, visited the Abbe Raynal, but there is no record of what occurred. Once at home the young French officer was recognized as a man of importance, for he was the only Frenchman in the island possessing a thorough military education.

The project was now on for the organization of the Corsican militia, and Napoleon was necessary for success. He entered into the revolutionary intrigues of the day, moving obscurely and dangerously among the

popular leaders, wholly distrusted by the few aristocrats, and identified with the moderate liberals only at the risk of his commission as an officer in the French army. That army was still the king's army, but the officers were nearly all, like Napoleon, infected with revolutionary sentiments to the extent that almost every sword might be said to have republicanism dimly etched on the blade.

The history of this period at Corsica is small, treacherous, chaotic. From September of 1790 to the 1st of June, 1791, Napoleon remained in the island, committing himself more and more (but ever cautiously) to the motions of upheaval. Had it not been for the universal dissolution he must at once have suffered arrest and dismissal from the army. From the middle of October until the following February he oversteered his leave of absence, working all the winter at the various intrigues which were rife among his turbulent countrymen. He then devised a plausible excuse, which was accepted at headquarters, and the next day procured another extension of his leave. Nor did he cease to flourish among the agitators of Ajaccio until his final departure to rejoin his command in May of 1791.

Such had been the shifting connection of Lieutenant Bonaparte with the Iron regiment that he was almost an unrecognized force in his division of the army. His absences from the command had far exceeded in duration his presence with it. On returning to France he was assigned to the Fourth regiment of artillery, stationed at Valence. His irregularities as an officer had not so far prevailed over the opinion of his great abilities and solid acquirements as to prevent his promotion at this time to the rank of lieutenant en premier.

On the political side, Napoleon was now drawn with great force towards the revolutionary party in France. Perhaps the notion dawned in him that with the success of the revolution and the rebuilding of the nation on a new republican basis, Corsica herself, by like revolt and renovation, might join in the common movement to greater advantage than could be gained by naked rebellion. This sentiment was fanned by a proposition made at this time in the assembly to enlarge the titles of the "king of the French" by adding the names of the Navarrese and Corsicans formally to the list of his subjects. All such intermediary projects came to naught with the on-rushing of the revolution. They were soon swallowed up with the king himself and all kingly things in the deep hell-throat that opened.

But ever and anon the Corsican trend was strong on Lieutenant Bonaparte. Hardly has he got his place in the Fourth regiment, at Valence, until he broke away again for his native island. There the stage of actual tumult had come. Napoleon was elected lieutenant colonel of the Second battalion of the Corsican army. He cautiously accepted the post, but at the same time kept his eye fixed on France. Then, after holding his place in the army of insurgents for less than a month, he suddenly sped away to his regiment on the Rhone. Arriving, he found himself dismissed from the service!

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

Robbing an Eagle's Nest.

While spending a winter in the Black hills two years ago the writer had an adventure, which, while strictly speaking, does not come under the head of out-of-door sports, yet might prove interesting to those interested in ornithology and its branches.

A cattle man from the foot hill country near Hermosa, chanced to come into the bank at H— City one day in March, and while giving us some bits of news from that region, incidentally told us of an eagle's nest that he had passed on his way up to our "camp." He went on to say that the eagles had nested on a certain cliff for some years and that owing to the almost inaccessibility of their eyrie, they had never been molested. Having myself once been an egg-collector, I felt quite a return of my former enthusiasm at his account and determined to try to reach the nest if only for the excitement connected with the undertaking.

Accordingly, I obtained leave of absence for a few days, and having enlisted my friend, Mr. E—, of Chicago, in the enterprise, on the following morning we set out for the southern foot hills and the eagle's nest. We were well provided for all emergencies, having in the buckboard, in addition to a plentiful supply of food and robes, our rifles and revolvers, several hundred feet of rope, a pair of climbing irons and a prospector's bag.

As our destination was distant thirty-five miles and the mountain roads, at no time the smoothest, were then badly cut up by spring freshets, we drove through only as far as a camp just beyond the mountains and "put up" for the night.

The next morning we took an early start, and, with better roads and fresh horses, traveled the few remaining miles in a couple of hours and about 9 o'clock came in sight of the nest. The "cow-puncher" had, indeed, spoken the truth in saying that the eyrie was hard to approach.

A huge "butte" rose five or six hundred feet up from the plain, its side so steep as to be almost precipitous, while on the side nearest a creek which we had followed for several miles, was a limestone cliff sheer up and down for about three hundred feet. About half way up its face on a ledge was the nest, a great black object, that

contrasted strangely with its yellowish-white background.

We took in the situation and naturally decided to ascend the butte to a point directly over the nest. So, after unhitching and tethering the brochos and taking out our paraphernalia, we worked our way around the butte to a side somewhat less steep than the greater part of it, and began the ascent, and after half an hour's stumbling and slipping among the ley rocks, scrub pines and cacti we found ourselves above the cliff, and, as nearly as we could judge, directly above the nest. Heer, fortunately, the small, gnarled trees were thick, affording us a means of support.

In the meantime we had only noticed one of the eagles, a monstrous bird, that slowly sailed around only a little above our heads, but had not as yet showed any signs of hostility. My friend now proceeded to tie one end of the rope securely around my chest; then, running the other end around a stout scrub, he braced himself firmly and stood ready to "pay out" the rope as needed. Thus secured against any probable accident, I carefully made my way down to the edge of the cliff and fired my revolver. Directly the other eagle came soaring out from the cliff and began circling around, giving vent to shrill screams or whistles.

We both now concluded that probably the birds would not venture to attack us, and so B— got ready to lower me over the edge. If the birds should not prove hostile everything pointed to success, for Mr. B— is a man of great strength and the rope was warranted. So, first seeing that my bag was secured and revolver in easy reach, I gave him the word and in another moment was dangling in the air. I at once found that the cliff shelved in almost from the top, and as in most places I could not touch the rock, I soon began to spin slowly around, which did not add to my comfort. I shall never forget the first sensation of the moment. Though I was positive that there was little or no absolute danger, yet I was in some way far from feeling secure. Suppose that the strands of the rope should wear away by the friction against the sharp edge of the cliff, or that in some way B— should for a moment lose his hold, or if this or that—and then I would "brace" and try and think of something else. First, just the bare wall of the overhanging cliff and then a momentary view of the surrounding country and then a hurried look below me where I now caught glimpses of the nest on a broad, flat ledge still some ways down. Thus, I must have gone down a hundred feet, and was just congratulating myself upon an approach to at least temporary safety, when I suddenly heard, close at hand, a tremendous flapping of wings and the next moment I received (so it seemed to my excited senses) at least a score of heavy blows on the head and shoulders, accompanied by several fearful scratches upon my head and neck. I had been holding the rope with both hands, but now, instinctively, I ducked my head under one hand and arm and with the other grabbed my revolver. I dare not look up, but realizing my somewhat dangerous position, I swung the revolver, butt end up (and it was a very heavy one), violently back and forth above my head for a moment, receiving at the same time a blow on the hand from one of the eagles' talons. This proved to be the best move I could have made, for it drove them back, and looking carefully up, I took a hurried aim and succeeded in "dropping" one of the birds, which frightened the other one away.

Meanwhile, my friend ignorant of the true state of affairs, had continued to lower me, and just as I terminated this strange encounter I felt my feet touch the ledge, and after resting a little I worked my way along to the nest. It was a huge affair, fully three feet high and as many in diameter, and was constructed of sticks as large as one's wrist, but dwindling in size to small twigs at the top. It was almost flat, scantily lined with pieces of bark and feathers from the breast of the female bird and contained the eggs. The eggs, fine specimens, which I have still in my collection, measured 4½x2¼ inches, and were of a cream colored hue, irregularly marked with reddish brown blotches. Well, to bring the story to a close, after securing the eggs, I gave the signal to be raised, and finally reached terra firma once more, but a sorry looking sight, with coat and collar soaked with blood from the scratches on my neck and head and large stripes of skin torn from my hand. After this we soon made our way down the butte and secured the eagle. It proved to be a fine specimen of the golden eagle, well marked, and measured seven feet ten inches from tip to tip. Then starting for home, we reached the "camp" just after dark, tired and hungry, but well pleased with our two days' outing among the "foot hills."

J. D. GORHAM.

Moore Memorial J. S. C. C.

The names below comprise our honor roll. They have recited the books of the Old and the New Testaments, the commandments and the names of the apostles: Lena Ruth Holderby, 100; Harry Saye, 100; Robert Saye, 100, and Clarence Legerton, 100.

Under the skilful management of our efficient superintendent, Mr. Archie B. Warner, and his assistant superintendent, Miss May Holterby, our society has gained the very good average of thirty. We expect to give a number of entertainments this spring.

Otis Nix, President.

been Gumble instead of his widdier, and passed upstairs.

I went to a coffee house for breakfast early next morning, and was messing about all day looking after a job, but could get nothing to do, not even down at the docks, though I remember thinking, when it came to my turning my eye in that direction, that if I was to knock about ships for a living, I'd better go to sea for good. There was no country fancies on the Isle of Dogs, no smell of the haystack, no scent of the milkmaid in the breezes there. I went back home to my lodgings in the evening, wore out. Mrs. Gumble told me that the party had called at 10 o'clock along with her boy; but I wouldn't hear tell of her, and went straight to my bedroom, and lay down on my bed to smoke a pipe, and to consider whether this sort of seeking for a job wasn't like asking the way to the work-house.

I lay late next morning, being, as I have said, wore out. "Sides, what was there to get up for? Of course, it would be the old joke over again, ways of refusing of a man that was the same as punching his head, loading about all day long, coming home and no letters, and wondering if drowning was as quick as hanging."

I was getting out of bed at noon, when came a knock upon the door, and Mrs. Gumble's voice says, "You're wanted."

"Who wants me?" says I.
"An officer of the court," she answers.

I opened the door to hear her, and putting my head out, says: "What court?"
"The police court," says she.

"What does he want?"
"You come down and he'll tell yer."

I dressed and went down stairs. Mrs. Gumble, hearing my footsteps, beckoned me to the front parlor, and there I found the party as claimed me for her husband, the young 'un, and a tall man with strong whiskers, dressed like a police boss.

"Now, sir!" cries out the party as I steps in. "That's my husband, William Pooley. He deserted me."

"This female," says the officer, "was up at the court this morning, asking the magistrate's advice. His washup sent me around to inquire into her complaint. She says you're her husband. If she can prove that, you are liable for her maintenance—hers and her youngster's."

"His youngster," says the party.
"This all comes along," says I, "of my stepping ashore and puttin' a piece in the paper with the 'opes of gettin' a job. If that," says I, pointing to the party, "is the sort of a job offered to sailormen when they comes ashore sick of the sea, the sooner it's aboard and 'up keeles' with them again the better. Mr. Officer, I'm no married man, and she knows I never was her husband. I was in Bombay in a ship called the Suttie, when she says I was a-marrying of her at Deal."

"Oh, you liar," shrieks the party.
"If he can prove he didn't marry yer, there's an end," says the officer, turning to the female.

"He's got a crucifix on his arm," she yelled, "and so had my William. What made him take the name of Treakell? Don't it stand to reason? His name's William Pooley, and Mr. Officer, he's my man—grewed nothing, broadened a little, certainly, but it's William's face after six years, and, oh, William!" she cried out, "how can you deny it?"

The officer looked very hard at me, and then very hard at the female, and then says to her, "If he can prove an alibi, what are you going to do? Have you got no certificate of discharge," says he, "going back six year?"

"Have I?" says I, and rushing upstairs I brought him down a handful. There are seven, and they went back twelve years. He turns 'em about, then, asking for the date of the marriage, says:

"Here y'are. He's spoken the truth. This man was at sea when you said you were married to him."

"And am I to believe they're his own certificates?" cried the woman. "Aren't sailors every day a-forging of these here V. G.'s?"

"Put 'em up," says the officer to me. "I can't help you, missis," says he, taking up his hat.

Just one hour later I met an old shipmate on the steps of the shipping yard at Tower Hill.

"What are you doing here, Bill?" says he.
"Looking for a ship," says I.

"I heard you had squared yards with the sea, and was ashore for a settlement." "And a settlement it's been," says I, and just then, some one singing out for hands for a China clipper, I steps in, scarce smiling as I thought of that night when I brought my fist down on the fore-castle rail of the Empire.

Definite Directions.

Where time is not money, ideas of distance are always uncertain and frequently confusing.

"About how far is it to Gourdvill?" asked the stranger of a North Carolinian, who sat on the veranda, holding up the front side of his house.

"Two hoots an' a look, I reck'n," was the laconic reply.

"Well, how far is that?" queried the stranger, impatiently.

"Twicet as fur as yo' kin holler an' as fur as yo' kin see beyond that."

"But I'm consumptive and can't 'holler' at all," urged the traveler. "How am I to tell anything from such a direction as that?"

"Better look twicet an' not holler at all," was the answer. "Gourdvill ain't wuth hollerin' about nowhow."

JUNIOR CORRESPONDENCE.

Interesting Letters From Our Juvenile Writers.

As our young readers will see in another part of this issue of The Junior, the gold watch prize for the best story of not more than 1,300 words, written by a girl under fifteen years of age, has been awarded to Miss Bessie Smith, of South Carolina. We are sure that the children will read with interest the little story by their Junior fellow reader, and that they will congratulate her on her success. In the meantime there are some young folks gaining experience in writing in this column who will doubtless come out-ahead in some of our future prize offers. This is the place for you to learn to write, and all should avail themselves of the advantages offered in this column.

There is no way that one can learn to write so well as to write for publication. It stirs your best efforts. So we hope the boys and girls will keep up their present excellent standard in letter writing, and continue to make this column the brightest young folks' letter department published anywhere. The Junior has the brightest and best letter writers of any newspaper in this country, and the boys and girls should see to it that no other paper gets ahead of them in this line.

Pete Pagett, Stone Mountain, Ga.—Dear Junior: I live in the beautiful little town of Stone Mountain. I will tell you something of the town in which I live. It contains about one thousand people. The mountain is about one mile high. In the summer people picnic here from all around and from Atlanta.

The snow stays on the north side of the mountain till summer. Venable Brothers own the mountain; they built their summer house on the east side.

I will answer Marie Louise Smith's question: The first telegram was sent between Washington, D. C. and Baltimore, in the year 1844, that James K. Polk had been nominated for president by the democratic convention.

Mamie Jordan, Atlanta, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am very much interested in The Constitution Junior, especially the correspondence. I enjoy reading "Little Mr. Thimblefinger" very much, also the school notes.

I will answer Ida Jimmie Ragsdale's question: "Which verse in the Bible contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter J?" Ezra, ch. 7, v. 21, contains the alphabet.

I will ask a question: Who was the first man recorded in the Bible as being buried in a coffin?

"May Blossom," Wilsonville, Ala.—Dear Junior: I have long been a silent admirer of your columns, and now wish to become one of the cousins.

I attend the Wilsonville academy; we have a very fine school. I have two sisters, one older and one younger than myself.

I will answer Ida Jimmie Ragsdale's question: It is the 1st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra that has all the letters in it, except J.

I will ask one question: Which two chapters in the Bible are alike?

I send 5 cents for the children's ward of the Grady hospital.

Chester Teasley, Canton, Ga.—Dear Junior: I have long been a silent admirer of The Junior, and have at last taken courage to write a letter, being that I have not seen a letter from this section of the state.

Canton is situated on the Marietta and North Georgia railroad, forty miles north of Atlanta. It has about eight hundred inhabitants. It has three churches, viz: Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian.

I would be glad to see "The Castaways" published again and several others of the readers of The Constitution Junior.

"Helen K.," Wilsonville, Ala.—Dear Junior: I, too, wish to become a cousin and join your band. I attend the Wilsonville academy, and study grammar, arithmetic, dictionary, Latin and algebra. I have two little brothers named Luther and Parker.

I will answer two of Ruth Barrett's questions: Christ walked on the water to meet the disciples.

Christ instituted the Lord's supper. I also have a question to ask the cousins: How many times, and where does the word "Reverend" occur in the Bible?

I send 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Patrick Henry Sanders, Eufaula, Ala.—Dear Junior: I live with my uncle and aunt. My uncle has been a subscriber to The Constitution for several years. I read the Junior and look forward to its arrival every week with a great deal of pleasure.

I enjoy reading the letters of the boys and girls, but among them I have never seen any from Eufaula, so I will try to write one. I do not know that I can write an interesting one, or that it will be published, but I will try.

I am nine years old and am in the fifth grade at school. I study music and take art lessons.

I visit Atlanta often, and expect to be there during the exposition.

I wonder if any of the boys like to cut wood. I worked and earned enough money to buy me a nice ax that is just the size for me, and I enjoy cutting wood.

I cleaned up the garden nicely and my aunt gave me ten cents which I send to the children's ward of the Grady hospital.

would like to correspond with some of the cousins. Wishing The Constitution, Jr., much success, we are its little readers.

Carrie Goldsmith, Stone Mountain, Ga.—Dear Junior: I have been a silent admirer of The Constitution, Jr., for a long time, and have thought a good many times I would write. I like "Little Mr. Thimblefinger" and "Napoleon Bonapart," very much.

History and geography are my favorite studies. Papa has been taking The Constitution for a long time.

I will answer Ruth Barrett's question: "Where was Jesus when Satan tempted Him to turn stones into bread?" In the wilderness.

P. S. Twitty, Cuthbert, Ga.—Dear Junior: Perhaps the readers of The Constitution Junior would not object to a letter from southwest Georgia. I am a boy, but go to a female college, and have one little cousin, Jim Newman. We are the only boys in college, and the girls know it and they use too; I am very anxious to grow older so I can go to the boys' college; I believe I had rather "walk post" than to wait on girls. If the fire goes down his "Peter, put on some coal!" "Jim, get us some splinters!" "Peter, shut the door!" etc.

Our teacher is Miss Barnes; she is so very sweet and good, and pretty, and a fine teacher, and she knows how to make boys study. I am indebted to her for The Constitution Junior every week.

I am eight years old; am son of the president. I don't ever miss my lesson, but some how I can't keep my face clean. I have merit cards and ever so many sweethearts.

Goodby, I guess I'll be a newspaper man.

Lou Hall, Santa Anna, Texas.—Dear Junior: I have been thinking I would write to The Constitution for a long time. My brother takes The Constitution and I like to read it very much, especially "Little Mr. Thimblefinger."

I live five miles from Santa Anna, a very pretty little town, built at the foot of a mountain; when on top of it you can see many miles.

We have only been in Texas a year, and I feel very homesome some times. We came from Mississippi to Texas. I have five brothers and one sister older than myself; she is married and lives in Mississippi.

We have had two snows this winter about four inches deep. Our school will close in a week because the weather has been so bad we could not go to school. Snow stayed on the ground a week at a time. I am twelve years old.

I will now ask the cousins a question: In what year was Annapolis made capital of Maryland?

I send 10 cents for the Grady hospital.

Mike P. arce, Henderson, Ga.—Dear Junior: As you were kind enough to publish my first letter, I will try again. I would like to ask a question:

Do any of the cousins know of a place called Gundee? I received a "lovely" valentine, and sister says it suits exactly.

I have given away all my puppies except one, a lovely little tan one with white markings.

The funniest thing happened to Bill, my calf, the other day; he went to call on one of the neighbors and fell in the flower pit, making havoc with the flowers. I was very sorry, and think I will try to teach him to be more careful in the future.

I will try to answer Frank Spealy's question: I think the reason a stick of candy is like a race horse is because it goes "in a hurry."

I will ask one question: What man lived longer than his father, and yet died before his father?

Charlie Thrazer, Atlanta, Ga.—Dear Junior: After reading last week's Constitution Junior, I have decided to write again.

If H. Louise will send her name and address to me, I will give her more information about a corresponding club.

If the young gentleman from —, who sent me his photograph, will write to me, I will return the compliment.

I have received several letters from the cousins which I have not yet answered, but I will soon.

If either Harry Dean or Eva Winton sees this letter, I would like for them to write to me.

I would like to receive a letter from each of the following places: Orangeburg, S. C.; Jonesborough, Ga.; and Eastman, Ga.

Marie Louise Puckett, Gainesville, Ga.—Dear Junior: I have been wanting to write to The Constitution, Jr., for a long time, but have just got up courage enough.

I like to go to school very much, but am not going this term. How many of the cousins like to sew? I do, for one. I helped mamma make a crazy quilt during this cold weather.

I have three pets, a cat and two chickens; my cat's name is David Bennett Hill, and the chickens' names are Buster, John and Sweetest Susan.

I will try to answer the question asked by A. F. Evans and R. M. Blount:

The last battle of the civil war was fought at Brazos Santiago, Texas, May 13, 1865.

Now I will ask two questions: Who was "Poor Richard?"

What battle was preceded by prayer?

Maggie Barry and Beulah Carden, Randolph, Ala.—We are two school girls, and have long been silent admirers of the children's page, especially "Little Mr. Thimblefinger's" stories.

We were so sorry to hear little Edna Brower was dying, but are glad she is out of her suffering. We are sorry for her mother; she will miss her little girl so much.

We are glad spring is coming, but very sorry we will not have any more snow, we enjoyed playing in it so much.

THE AMERICAN SWIFT.

Written for The Junior.

A large class of our birds subsist entirely upon insects that they obtain while flying through the air. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that the country in which they live should be free from frost and ice. The climate must be so tempered that insects will fly upon which this class of birds are dependent for subsistence. No insect flies in the air while the temperature is at freezing point or near it. The line of insect activity may be drawn at about 40 degrees Fahrenheit; below it the insect is torpid. Among the foremost of this class of birds are our various swallows, martins and all that come under the class of goat suckers.

One of the best known of these birds is our chimney swallow, or American swift. We will now consider the character and habits of this remarkable little bird.

Since the progress of civilization this swallow has abandoned his former home in the hollows of trees, and has taken up his abode with man, making his nest and rearing the young in the chimneys or houses. A characteristic of this bird that separates it from all others is that when it leaves its roost at dawn it never alights until it returns at night. There is no other bird which has such a power of protracted flight unless it may be the stormy petrel of the Atlantic, or the albatross of the Pacific ocean, of which wonderful stories are related of their protracted flight, but of whose habits I have had no opportunity of observing.

The American swift is essentially a bird of the air. In drinking it skims over the surface of a pond or lake, as do also all this class of birds, and thus obtains water while in flight. I once observed a trout strike at this bird while thus gliding over the surface of a clear mill pond. In gathering material for its nest, while in flight, it grasps small twigs from the top of decayed trees, snapping them with the aid of its sharp claws—an occupation that I have often seen numbers engaged in at the same time. It is incapable of walking if placed upon the ground, and regains its flight when placed upon a level surface with great difficulty.

Its claws are stationary, except the power of grasping when holding to a perpendicular surface. Its tail is a marvel, being like that of no other bird. Each feather ends in a sharp, horny point, enabling the bird to sustain itself upon a perpendicular wall with the slightest inequality of surface. Like all its class its large mouth is coated with a viscid secretion, and woe betide the insect that touches it, as escape is impossible and death inevitable. In a general observation of this bird with others, I never ceased to be amazed at its power of sustaining its flight through our long summer days, of fourteen hours, without apparent fatigue, especially as its wings, while in flight, are nearly always in motion. This marvelous power is also given to the young when they first leave the parent nest.

Some years ago at midday in June I was far in the country in the pine woods of Georgia. The heat was oppressive, the sky very blue, and all nature seemed lulled to repose. I heard far above the familiar twitter of the American swift. Having a fine vision I beheld high in the noonday air a number of these swallows at an elevation as high as my eyesight could distinguish them, floating in wide circles in the clear blue sky. They seemed to rest in the air as a duck would float upon the water. I soon exclaimed: "Behold the swift, resting at noon—floating upon a column of air."

Nature has provided this bird with glands in its mouth that secrete, at the proper season, a gelatinous saliva with which it unites the small twigs that form its nest. This saliva forms into a stiff glue and comprises the bulk of the swallow's nest, and is the substance by which it is attached to the side of the chimney. It is the same character of which the far-famed swallows' nests of the Chinese empire are formed. The nests of these eastern swallows sell for human food in China and London at a higher price than any other food used by man. It is made into soup. I think it very probable that the nest of our chimney swallow is equally as good for food, as it is of a similar substance. If obtained before the young birds arrive in the nest, as is the rule with the cave swallow of the east, it forms a like substance, although of a darker color. It is difficult to have such a strange dish properly cooked unless the consent of the housekeeper is first obtained. I have, therefore, never practically demonstrated the usefulness of the nest of the American swift for human food.

If one of these birds is killed and the contents of its stomach examined it will be found to contain a mass of winged insects of the various classes.

Some time ago I was standing very still in the woods. A mosquito was humming near my ear. Like an electric flash a swift passed near my face and disappeared, and with him the mosquito.

During the full moon of August and September this swallow assembles for a few evenings in large flocks to roost together, and then, at a given signal they rise high in the air and speed their way to the tropics south of us, where insect life still exists in the air. In the early spring they return to their young in our genial clime. They spread over the United States—a blessing to our people. No hawk can capture them. They are not esteemed as human food, and may be said to have no enemies. Its harmless and useful life commends it to mankind.

Nature maketh her works perfect. In the American swift we see plainly the hand of the great Master, who has fashioned it for the life it leads.

J. P. Pratt.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THE STORY OF THE UNHAPPY YOUTH OF A GREAT POET AND ROMANCER.

In the playground of an old-fashioned English school the boy, Edgar Allen Poe, then in his ninth year, first entered that world of day dreams whose wonders he afterward transcribed so beautifully in his prose and poetry. The school was situated in the old town of Stoke Newington.

The quaint, sleepy village with its avenues shaded by ancient gnarled trees and bordered by fragrant shrubberies, and with its country stillness broken only by the chime of the church bell tolling the hour, seemed to the boy hardly a part of the real world, and in describing it in after years he speaks of the dream-like and soothing influence it had upon his early life. The school building, also the village parsonage, as the master of the school was a clergyman, had a similar effect; it was a large, rambling house, whose passages and rooms had a labyrinthine irregularity which charmed the young student and made him regard it almost as a place of enchantment. It had so many nooks and corners in which one might lose one's self and dream day dreams out of the books, poetry and history, with which it was pretty well stocked. The schoolroom itself was low walled and celled with oak and filled with desks and benches that had been hacked and heaved by generations of boys. It was of great size and seemed to Poe the largest in the world. In this room he studied mathematics and the classics, while in the playground outside, which was surrounded by brick walls topped with mortar and broken glass, he spent many of his leisure hours, taking part in those sports so loved by the English school boy. Beyond the grounds the boys were allowed only three times a week; twice on Sunday when they went to church, and once during the week, when guarded by two ushers they were taken a solemn walk through the neighboring fields. All the rest of life lay within the walls that separated the school from the village streets. In this quiet spot Poe spent five years of his life, speaking of them afterward as most happy years and rich in those poetic influences which gave bias to his character.

In his thirteenth year he left England and returned to America with his adopted parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, of Baltimore, and spent the next four or five years of his life partly in their beautiful home and partly at school in Richmond.

The parents of Poe had died in his infancy. They had both possessed talent, his mother having been an actress of considerable repute, and from them he inherited gentle and winning manners, and talent for declamation, which combined with his remarkable personal beauty made him a favorite in the Allen home, where he was much petted and caressed. The child returned the interest of his adopted parents and though he was sometimes wilful and obstinate, he never failed in affection. To Mrs. Allen especially he always showed a devotion and gratitude that well repaid her for the love and care she had bestowed upon the orphan child.

Though fond of books, especially books of poetry, and loving to be alone in some quiet place where he could indulge in the day dreams that formed so large a part of his life, Poe still had the fondness of a healthy boy for athletic sports, and some of his feats of strength are still found recorded in the old newspapers of Baltimore. Once on a bet he swam a distance of seven miles on the James river against a swift tide; in a contest he leaped twenty-one feet on a level, and in other feats of strength he also excelled.

He was very fond of animals and was always surrounded by pets which returned his affection with interest, and which with the flowers he loved to tend and care for, took up many of his leisure hours.

When he was seventeen Poe entered the University of Virginia, where he remained not quite a year, distinguishing himself as a student of the classics and modern languages. Upon his return to Baltimore he had a disagreement with his foster father because of some college debts, and though Poe was very much in the wrong he refused to admit it and left the house in a fit of anger and went to live with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm. He had already published a volume of poems and now being forced to depend upon himself he issued a second edition. But this brought him neither fame nor money, and after a two years' struggle with poverty he was glad to accept a cadetship at West Point obtained for him through the influence of Mr. Allen. Mrs. Allen had in the meantime died, and in her death Poe lost his best friend, one who had been ever ready to forgive his faults, to believe in his repentance and to have faith in his promises of amendment.

Poe was charmed with the life of West Point and in his first enthusiasm decided that a soldier's career was the most glorious in the world. The hard study, the strict discipline, the rigid law and order of cadet life seemed only admirable, and he soon stood at the head of his classes. But it was impossible that this enthusiasm should last long. Poe was endowed by nature

with the dreamy and artistic temperament of the poet, and discipline and routine could not fail to become in a short time unbearable. When that period arrived the prospective life of the soldier lost the charm and he was seized with a desire to leave the academy and bid a final farewell to military life. It was impossible to do this without the consent of his guardian and as Mr. Allen refused this, Poe was forced to carry his point in his own way. This he did by lagging in his studies, writing poetry when he should have been solving problems, and refusing point blank to obey orders. Military discipline could not long brook this. Poe was court-martialed and, pleading guilty, was discharged from the academy, disgraced but happy. During his stay there he had published a third edition of his poems containing a number of pieces not included in the other editions. It was dedicated to his fellow cadets and was subscribed for by many of the students at the price of \$2.50 a copy.

Almost immediately after his departure from West Point Poe went to live with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, and her daughter, Virginia, who afterward became his wife; and from this time forward he never seems to have had any serious idea of a career otherwise than literary. In 1832 when he was in his twenty-fourth year prizes were offered by a Baltimore paper for the best short story and best poem that should be presented. Among the material offered in competition the judges found a small collection of tales bound up together, and written in neat Roman characters. These stories were the last ones read by the committee, which had about decided that there had been nothing offered worthy the prize, and their unmistakable signs of genius were instantly recognized. It was decided that the prize of \$100 belonged to this author and out of the series the story entitled "A Manuscript Found in a Bottle" was selected as the prize tale, though all were so excellent that it was difficult to determine which was best. This little volume had been submitted by Poe, and when the poetry came to be examined it was found also that the best poem in the collection was his. He was not, however, awarded the prize for poetry, that being given to another competitor whose work the committee thought worthy the second prize in view of the fact that Poe had obtained the first.

It was in this manner that Poe was introduced to the world of literature, his previous productions having excited no attention other than that generally given to the work of a clever or erratic boy. The workmanship of these stories was so fine and the genius so apparent as to give them a distinct place in American fiction, a place to which, at that time, the promise of Hawthorne pointed. Besides the reputation and the money thus earned the story brought him a staunch friend in the person of Mr. Kennedy, one of the members of the committee, who, from that time, was ever devoted to the interests of the young author.

For the next few years Poe was busy with the composition of those beautiful tales which appeared from time to time in the periodicals of the day, and which speedily won him a reputation both in America and Europe. He was thus employed on editorial work for different magazines and became known as the first American critic who made criticism an art. It was his dream at this time to establish a magazine of his own, and for many years one project after another with this object in view, was tried and abandoned. He was never able to start the magazine and felt the disappointment keenly always. Through all his disappointments, and he had many, he still lived much in that dream world which had always been so real to him, and much of his best work found there its inspiration. His exquisite story of *Ligeia* came to him first in a dream. This world, so unreal to many, was to Poe as real as his actual life. Like Coleridge in English literature, he had the power of presenting the visions which came to him in sleep or in his waking dreams, surrounded by their own atmosphere of mystery and unreality, thus producing an effect which awed as well as fascinated. No other American writer has ever brought from the dream world such beautiful creations which charm and mystify at the same time and force the most unimaginative reader to believe for the time in the existence of this elusive realm of poetry.

Poe's poems have this same character, and found this inspiration in the same source.

While engaged in editorial work in New York Poe wrote his first great poem, "The Raven," which was first published under an assumed name. It was not until he recited the poem by request at a gathering of the literary workers of New York, that his authorship was suspected. Immediately afterward the poem was published under his name. It was regarded by critics in England and America as illustrating the highest poetic genius. From this time, Poe, who had

hitherto been ranked among the best prose writers of his native land, now took precedence among the poets. It is, indeed, as a poet that he is always thought of first. It was during the next five years after the publication of "The Raven" that he produced the series of remarkable poems that has given him immortality. "The Bells," the original draft of which consisted of only eighteen lines, is perhaps next to "The Raven," the poem that has brought him the most fame. But the number of exquisite shorter poems which he produced would in themselves give him the highest rank as a poet. Chief among these is the little idyll, "Annabel Lee," which seems almost a transcription of the ideal love which existed between Poe and his young wife.

While engaged in literary work in New York, Poe, for the most part, resided in the suburb of Fordham in an unpretentious but charming cottage bowered in trees and surrounded by the flower garden which was the especial pride of the poet and his wife. Perhaps the happiest days of his life were spent in this quiet place to which he would retire after the business of the day was over and occupy himself with the care of the flowers and of numerous pet birds and animals, which were regarded as a part of the family.

Over this otherwise happy existence hung always the clouds of poverty and sickness, his wife having been an invalid for many years. It was in this little cottage at a time when Poe's fortunes were at their lowest ebb that his wife died amid poverty so extreme that the family could not even afford a fire to heat the room in which she lay dying. Poe remained at Fordham a little over two years after his wife's death, leaving only a few months before his own death in October, 1849.

Poe is undoubtedly to be ranked among the greatest writers of American literature. His prose works would grace any literary period; his poetry is alive with the fire and beauty of genius and his criticisms marked a new era in critical writing in America.

Twenty-six years after his death a monument was erected to his memory in the city of Baltimore, mainly through the efforts of the teachers of the public schools; some of the most distinguished men of America were present at the unveiling to do honor to the poet whose work was such a noble contribution to the art of his native land. Henrietta Christian Wright.

STORIES OF SEVERAL SORT.

A pretty little story comes from New York city, illustrating fraternal affection in an unexpected quarter. Two small boys signaled a street car, and when it stopped it was noticed that one boy was lame. With much solicitude, the other boy helped the cripple aboard the car, and after telling the conductor to go ahead, returned to the sidewalk. The lame boy braced himself up in his seat, so that he could look out of the car window, and the other passengers observed that, at frequent intervals, the little fellow would wave his hand and smile. Following the direction of his glances, the passengers saw the other boy running along the sidewalk, straining every muscle to keep up with the car. The passengers watched this pantomime in silence for a few blocks and then a gentleman asked the lame boy who the other boy was. "My brother," was the prompt reply. "Why does he not ride with you in the car?" was the next question. "Cause he hasn't any money," answered the lame boy, sorrowfully. The little runner was speedily invited into the car, and the sympathetic questioner not only paid his fare, but gave each boy a quarter besides.

Next to the snake the alligator is, perhaps, the most detested creature in existence. Cold and savage and serving no useful end, it seems to be the natural enemy of mankind. A Florida man had an alligator which he regarded as a pet. It usually lay under a high bank, and came out when punched with a pole. One day four mischievous boys of the neighborhood borrowed a mule with plow harness and took him to the creek where the alligator lived. They punched the saurian until he came out, then dropped the plow chain on his nose. The alligator seized it at once, while the boys started the mule, a powerful animal. It was only necessary to start the mule. He looked around, and seeing the alligator, tore away homeward at full gallop. Of course, the saurian had not sense enough to let go, and as the mule dashed up the narrow road, the alligator at the end of the chain struck against trees and stumps at every jump. When the mule got to his stable the alligator was decidedly dead, but the mule's nerves were so shaken that he smelled alligators in every breeze, and never could be got down to the river road again.

A boy of sixteen was leading a bull along a country road in Massachusetts, when the animal, usually peaceful, seemed to be seized with a sudden fury, and made a lunge at him. The stick which was fastened to a ring in the animal's nose snapped short in the boy's grasp, and he fell almost under the feet of the bull. He had presence of mind enough to realize that his only chance for safety lay in keeping so close to the head of the animal that he could not be tossed, so he managed to get three fingers of his left hand into the ring in the bull's nose, while with his right hand he grasped one of the horns. Meanwhile the farmer who owned the bull had got a rifle from the house and loaded it. "Fire!" cried the boy. "I can't hold out much longer." The bull, as if astonished at the audacity of his victim, had for a moment stopped. His forehead was presented to the farmer, but

the boy's head was within a few inches of the spot which the bullet must strike. "If I fire," the farmer called, "the bull may flatten on the bone and kill you on the rebound." "Fire anyway, and quick!" cried the boy, as the bull showed signs of moving. The farmer raised his rifle and fired, and the shot was so true that the bull dropped in his tracks without a struggle, and the boy's life was saved.

A northern man went with a party of southern gentlemen on a fishing trip in Tampa bay. Not caring to fish, he was lazily leaning on the rail, smoking his pipe, when a large tarpon made a wild leap from the waves, knocked the pipe out of the man's mouth and landed on deck. Irritated at this attack, the man promptly fell on the fish, and for the next few minutes there was a most unique battle. Man and fish rode all over the deck, the man trying to get hold of the tarpon's gills, and the tarpon lashing the man with his tail. The other fishermen stood around and declined to interfere, until the man gave way under the strain and relaxed his grip. Then the fish, with a final swish of his tail, that landed the man ten feet away, bounded back into the water, probably to be crowned "king of the tarpons," in recognition of its victory over the hated enemy of all the finny tribe.

A Connecticut gentleman purchased a fine collie, which, after the fashion of his kind, soon made himself one of the family, and assumed special responsibilities in connection with the youngest child, a girl three years of age. It happened one day in winter that the father was returning from a drive, and as he neared his house he noticed the dog in a pasture which was separated by a stone wall from the road. From behind this wall the collie would spring up, bark, and then jump down again, constantly repeating the performance. Leaving his horse and going to the spot, the man found his little girl seated on a stone, with the collie wagging his tail and keeping guard beside her. In the light snow their path could be plainly seen, and, as the father traced it back, he saw where the little one had walked several times around an open well in the pasture. Very close to the brink were the prints of the baby shoes, but still closer on the edge of the well were the tracks of the collie, which had evidently kept between her and the opening. It is not difficult to imagine the feelings of the father as he saw these proofs of the fidelity of the dog in saving the child from what might have been a terrible death.

There lived on the outskirts of a small village in Illinois an old man who eked out a precarious living as a cobbler and in cultivating a little patch of garden. His only companion was an old dog called Bob, and, like his master, the dog was always in a half-starved condition. One day, a gentleman passing by the cobbler's house and taking pity on poor Bob, beckoned him to follow, which the dog did readily enough. Arriving at the gentleman's house, Bob was taken to the kitchen and given a hearty meal. Then, to the cook's dismay, he seized a large piece of cold roast beef from the table and ran away with it. Attracted by the uproar, the gentleman came to the kitchen, and was highly indignant when he heard of the dog's perfidy. Determined that Bob should not profit by his theft, the gentleman followed the dog to the cobbler's little house, and, to his surprise, found that Bob was standing by his master, with the meat in his mouth. The gentleman also found that the cobbler was in bed, very ill and weak, and instead of punishing the dog, as he at first intended, he took good care that neither Bob nor his master should want in future.

A gentleman in Pennsylvania kept a number of dogs and was in the habit of feeding them in a long trough in the stable. One day he happened to peer through a hole in the door as the dogs were feeding and was astonished to see a number of rats in the trough, fearlessly partaking of the food with the dogs. The rodents were at once doomed to destruction, so the next day the trough was placed in such a position that a gun pointed through the hole would rake it from end to end. At the usual hour the food was placed, the dogs being kept out. The rats, however, did not make their appearance; the heads of several sagacious old ones were seen peering out from their holes, and there was a great amount of squealing, but the rats evidently had their suspicions and would not leave their retreats. Having waited for half an hour, the dogs were let in, and in a few minutes dogs and rats were feeding peacefully together. The little creatures seemed to be fully aware that they were safe only when the dogs were present.

Capitol Avenue Literary Society.
On last Saturday the Capitol Avenue Literary Society met at Miss Nellie Belle Shropshire's.

Mr. Tupper, the president, being absent, the chair was occupied by Mr. Carl Lewis, who presided with the grace and ease which always distinguish him.

The subject of debate was "Resolved, That dolls are more beneficial to girls than football is to boys." Mr. Lewis favored the negative to the enthusiasm of the football supporters.

Then a "social chat" ensued until nearly 5 o'clock, when the society adjourned to meet next Saturday at Mr. Cane Dorsey's.

L. C. R.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended for this Issue Must be Addressed to The Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., March 17, 1905.

The Prize Story Contest.

After carefully reading the stories sent in for the girls' prize story contest for the gold watch, the committee has decided that taking into consideration originality, style and general excellence, the story by Miss Bessie Smith, of Belton, S. C., is entitled to the prize, and the gold watch, with her name on it, will be sent to her as soon as it can be prepared.

The committee reports that it had a very difficult task in deciding the contest. When the stories had been thoroughly sifted down, there were about twelve left, all of such excellence that it was very hard to say which was the best. Finally, however, after going over them carefully, Miss Smith's story, "Mona's Visitors," was awarded the prize.

We are very sorry that we cannot give gold watches to all of these stories which came up for final judgment. We are sure they are all good enough to deserve it, and next week and the week following we will print several of them, to show how well the young ladies have been writing. As there is only one watch, however, it must go to the one selected by the committee, and we are sure that all the girls and boys will warmly congratulate Miss Smith on her success. The Junior takes this occasion to do so, and to assure her that her prize is all the more meritorious because of the close competition in which it was won.

A Gold Watch Prize Story.

After a careful examination of all the stories sent in by girls under fifteen years of age to compete for the gold watch offered by The Junior for the best story of not over 1,200 words, written by a girl under fifteen years of age, the committee has awarded the gold watch to Miss Bessie Smith, of Belton, S. C. The story is published below, and the gold watch will be properly engraved and sent to Miss Smith as soon as it can be got ready.

Mona's Visitors.

(The story that has won the gold-watch in The Junior contest.)

Mona was a very good little girl at all times. She was very patient and loving to every one, and, therefore, when she took the fever every one was sorry. She was very ill, indeed, and would toss on her little bed and cry with pain.

The fairies heard her moan and wished that they could help her. "If we could only pay her a visit that would amuse her! But, you know, we are not allowed to be seen by mortals in our present form. We would be disgraced forever," said Elnette, the fairies' social leader.

"Why couldn't we represent historical characters, and go down and see her? She likes history, you know," said a little fellow in a pink velvet suit, gracefully turning a summersault. For the fairies of the kingdom were like little brothers and sisters living happily together.

The fairies agreed on Pinkin's (the fairy of the pink suit) suggestion. Pinkin plucked a trumpet flower and blew one blast. Pretty soon a fairy with long gray beard came hopping up. He was the chief of magic. He touched them on the head with a golden wand. And what a transformation! All of the fairies were of the size of five-year-old children, and they represented every one from Joan of Arc to Mrs. Cleveland, and from the first of the European kings to the last of the American presidents.

Down in Mona's room all was quiet. By some chance, she was alone. Of course, the fairies had caused this, for no one must see them but Mona; and the little girl was greatly surprised when her room was suddenly filled with the queerest little beings in the world. They seemed to have stepped out of some story book, and among them Mona recognized many of her heroes and heroines.

Lady Washington sailed up on the arm of Shakespeare to inquire after her health. Florence Nightingale bathed her aching head, and Miss Alcott told her such a funny story she laughed till she cried. Henry Longfellow chatted pleasantly with her, and Queen Victoria kindly patted her hair.

Generals Lee and Grant sat down on each side of her and expressed their great sympathy. Calhoun, Clay and Webster got upon chairs and delivered famous addresses. Raphael presented to her a beautiful picture painted by himself. Columbus

described minutely the island upon which he first landed, and Washington his retreat through New Jersey.

Queen Elizabeth and Mary of Scotland walked amiably about, and Mona almost laughed in his face when Robinson Crusoe appeared in his suit of goat skin.

Mrs. Cleveland tenderly kissed her, and Thomas Jefferson hoped she would soon be better. The "Man of the Iron Mask" walked gravely around. How Mona longed to raise the gloomy cover and peep at the face beneath. She was sure it was a sad one.

Richard the Lion-Hearted and Sir Walter approached, while just behind them came Dickens, William Penn and Robert Fulton. This distinguished group bowed and turned aside to make room for Grace Darling and Carmen Sylva, and so there was a continual stream of noted persons around her bed.

Spurgeon and Talmage sat in a corner discussing religious topics, while Cowper at Mona's request performed John Gilpin's ride, a rocking chair representing his wild steed. King Humbert and Queen Marguerita shook hands with her, and Benjamin Franklin showed the first copy of Poor Richard's almanac. Milton was there, and so was Beethoven. Jenny Lind sang a sad little song, which almost made Mona cry. But, just then, Eli Whitney (otherwise Pinkin), whose lively spirits were getting the better of him, gave three surprising leaps in the air and came down on his head, which so astonished Mona she forgot all about the song. Hans Christian Anderson then began telling a dreamy fairy tale, and, while she was listening, she went to sleep.

When she awoke, the distinguished persons were gone, and only mamma sat quietly reading.

Mona told her of her strange visitors, and they decided that it must have been a dream. But there upon the window sill lay the little picture Raphael had given her! And they could never explain that.

Mona recovered, and says she will always treasure the little picture, whether Raphael gave it to her or not.

Bessie Smith.

The Junior Debating Club.

The officers of The Junior Club were elected at the last meeting and the club is now presided over by Master Willie Davidson. His election was unanimous, showing his popularity in the club.

He is the youngest president that the club has ever had, and is to hold office for two



months. He is an able debater and an active promoter of The Junior Club.

Master Jay Youngblood, an active debater, one who takes great interest in the welfare of the club, was elected secretary. He has held office before and understands his duties perfectly. He has quite a newspaper career, being one of the first correspondents for The Constitution, Jr.

Winner of Broad Jump in Junior Contest.

The Junior presents with great pleasure the picture of Master Lucius J. Harris, Jr., as one of the brightest boys in Walker street school as well as winner of the running broad jump in the Junior contests.

He is a fine looking boy and is a great sport, meaning a young fellow who likes



the girls and enjoys fun. As a football player he is all right, and few his size and weight can compare with him. His prize was a football outfit, which he is exceedingly proud of, and next season they will be prominent features in football circles. Lucius is the oldest son and, of course, is his mother's pride.

A Match Game.

The West End Hornets played Phillip Goodwin's team Saturday morning on the Hornets' grounds.

Only five innings were played and the score stood 23 to 2 in favor of the Hornets. Evidently the other team was not in it.

THE BOYS' LEAGUE.

An Important Meeting to Be Held Wednesday.

All boys who are interested in forming a baseball league among the minor teams in the city will meet at the office of The Junior Constitution Wednesday at 4 o'clock sharp.

A league is to be formed and a regular circuit made. Two or more match games can be arranged in this manner for every Saturday.

All the teams in the city should have a representative at this meeting.

The officers of the league are to be elected and the first games to be played are to be arranged.

There will be a pennant given to the team making the highest average during the season.

By forming this league more interest than otherwise would be taken in baseball affairs.

There are five teams already agreed to enter the league. Three of these are composed of boys from ten to fourteen years old.

Let the captain and manager, or some authorized representative, of every small team in the city be present at this important meeting.

Four o'clock sharp, Constitution office, Wednesday.

On a Deer Hunt.

The friends of Mr. Walter C. Wilson are delighted to hear that he is having a great old-time in the mountains of north Georgia.

He has only killed one deer so far, but is not coming home (so he says) until he kills another. If he means it, his friends extend a hearty farewell, and may we see him again before he dies.

The truth about the first deer was doubted until Lucius Harris, who went with him, but has returned, verified his statement.

Walter has the wings of several wild turkeys which he killed.

It is a strange fact that these turkey wings are the same as those of our tame turkeys, but, of course, (?) they are the wings of wild turkeys, if Walter says so.

He writes he is in no danger of the "kutlux," the they are not walking this time of the year.

We hope to see him and his second deer soon. We may hope in vain.

Junior Stars vs. Grant Park.

The Junior Stars have challenged the Grant Park nine to a game of baseball to be played Saturday.

The Junior Stars have been training for some time and are sure to make a good show.

They are open to all challenges from teams whose boys are between twelve and fifteen.

Address challenges to Crew Crawford, manager.

Young Bicycle Riders.

Kendall Spear, the tri-state boy champion bicyclist, has just received a '95 Sterling racer. It weighs seventeen pounds and is enamelled white.

Kendall says he is going to make things "hum" in the first bicycle races held in Atlanta.

He will begin training at an early date. Another young rider who will be heard from this season is Bob Waltemer.

He also has a seventeen-pound Sterling racer.

He is going to push Spear hard in the coming races. Great things are expected of him.

High School Notes.

The third division met in the society hall of the Boys' High school on Friday. An interesting programme was rendered.

The debate, "Resolved, That white labor should be substituted for colored labor in the south," was exceedingly interesting. Mr. T. W. Rucker, Jr., was leader of the affirmative, and Mr. S. M. Rosenfeld, leader of the negative.

The president favored the affirmative with his decision.

The orators for the day were Messrs. Vernon Tupper, Jack Shropshire and C. E. Weddington.

Mr. Walter C. Barnwell, who has been ill for the last few weeks, is rapidly improving.

The Pen Shooters.

A majority of the small boys around are making it disagreeable for everybody in general with "pen shooters." These little harmful looking instruments can put out a person's eye very easily. It is dangerous to shoot at any one with them and the boys should desist from this dangerous pleasure.

School Exhibits.

The schools of Atlanta, as well as those out of the city, are preparing to make an exhibit at the exposition. Several of the schools are going to exhibit some very neat examination papers, ones that will do honor to the owners.

Something out of the regular line of school exhibits would be impressive as well as a new feature at the exposition.

This department, or rather exhibit, will be exceedingly popular and every one should help to make it a success.

Tennis Clubs.

The tennis as well as the baseball season has come. And with the coming of the season a number of clubs have been formed.

The Horean Tennis Club, composed of

four young ladies, all of whom are excellent players, is open for challenges from any clubs of the same gender. The club will begin playing as soon as the weather will permit.

Messrs. Porter, L. Ridley, R. Dougherty, J. and Arthur Trayham have formed a tennis club with their courts at Peters Park. Each of the members of the club has quite a reputation as a tennis player. They are to play a series of games at an early date, the weather permitting, all of which will no doubt be interesting.

A Young Peoples' Paper.

Masters Jay Youngblood and Frank Vernoy, two of Atlanta's brightest and most enterprising young men, have started a children's paper. It is to be a four-page paper and will contain school news, poetry, jokes, charades, stories, etc.

It will also contain articles by some of Atlanta's best known authors, among them Mrs. Walter Rhett, Misses Hattie and Jennie Echols.

The first issue is to make its appearance on April 5th, and will be especially bright and newswy.

Master Jay Youngblood, the editor in chief, is The Junior's correspondent at Calhoun street school, and is well up in this line of business.

Master Frank Vernoy is the business manager and understands his department thoroughly. It is hoped that the paper will be a great success.

A Surprise Party.

A delightful surprise party was given to Miss Eva Motes Friday evening by a number of her friends. There were about twenty-five in the party and all met at the residence of Miss Pearl Mitchell and from there adjourned to the residence of Mr. C. W. Motes. It was indeed a surprise—we might say an astonishment.

The young gentlemen in the party formed a quartet and their impromptu songs were much enjoyed. They indulged in numerous games until a late hour.

A lunch par excellence was served. Every one had a more than enjoyable time.

A Home Missionary Society.

The Home Missionary Club of Trinity church held a business meeting Saturday afternoon. The election of officers was held. Miss Ora Daniel was elected president.

The home missionaries receive great benefit from this little society.

North Side Literary.

The last meeting of the North Side Literary and Debating Society proved an unusually interesting one. Several visitors were present, and the boys discussed the relative merits of steam and electric power. Two new members were installed—Paul Severance and Frank Bain; although somewhat younger than the majority of the boys, they will in time prove valuable members.

The next meeting will be held next Saturday in the lecture hall of Miss Thornbury's school, at 3 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome. The boys are preparing for an entertainment to be given at the home of D. H. Dougherty. An interesting programme has been arranged. President Willie Kirke will announce the subject for debate at the next meeting. The much-discussed subject of high hats at the opera was suggested by one of the boys. The society will, no doubt, accept this subject, and give an interesting debate. President Willie Kirke makes an efficient officer, and is ambitious to make the North Side the best literary society in the city.

R. C. M., JR.

BASEBALL.

The Season Opens with Eight Teams in the Field.

Baseball season is here. The boys have been having a dull time of it since football was a game of the past, and have been patiently waiting for the baseball season to come.

There are a number of clubs already formed and several are under way. The season promises to be one of unusual interest.

The Junior Stars have organized and are ready to receive challenges from boys of their size. The team is under the management of Crew Crawford, and lines up with Robinson catcher, Connor pitcher, Watson shortstop, F. Yarbrough first base, W. Cody second base, C. Cody third base, Butts right field, Maddox left field, Steinheimer center field, Watson captain.

The Loyd street Stars under the management of Vernon Tupper are open to challenges.

The West End Hornets are getting in trim and will be ready to receive challenges in about two weeks.

The South Side Stars are training, and will be out at an early date.

The above teams with the probable addition of the Peachtree Blues, the North Side Crescents and the Boulevard Stars, will make an interesting league.

A movement is on foot to establish a regular schedule league and arrange match games for every Saturday. This is a good movement and The Junior commends it.

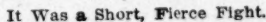
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ing like a good fellow. Nor did Avery disturb him, allowing him to sleep on until the next day. Then when he was fairly awake as he could be in his tipsy condition, the mutineers put him into an open boat with those few who refused to join with them, and watched them as they pulled away toward the distant line of tropical shore. Then they hoisted sail and bore away eastward toward the far-distant

All that day the pirates were busy stripping their prize and making merry with rich food and wines. Then when evening came they sailed away yelling and cheering over their booty like madmen, leaving the great mogul's ship floating upon the water,

He and his friends sat for a long time



The historian of the famous pirate says that he designed to sell his treasures and, perhaps, to settle in Boston, but that there

What Will They Do?

Gentlemen, take care what you do, lest the future citizens of Atlanta, whose education you are about to cut short, should look back and regard your official records as a municipal scab on the otherwise clean surface of the best governed city in the south!

High School Boy.

If they come out to announce the hour at 1 o'clock, one soldier fires his tiny gun; at 2 o'clock two soldiers fire their pieces, increasing with the hour until the twelve leaders fire their guns, the rear ranks bowing their heads and pointing with their bayonets toward the dial of the clock.